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THE

# ECLECTIC REVIEW.

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VOL. II.—NEW SERIES.

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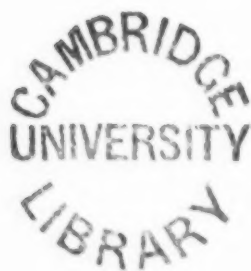
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# THE ECLECTIC.

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## I.

### SATIRE AND SATIRISTS: MR. THACKERAY.\*

THE two volumes we introduce are no doubt well-known to our readers already, through the pages of 'The Cornhill Magazine.' To many of our readers 'The Georges' may be well-known also in its original form of lectures, delivered with great success in many parts of Great Britain and America. These volumes cannot enhance their author's fame. They contain many admirable touches of his peculiar manner and genius. Mr. Thackeray only needs the addition of geniality to give to him universal acceptance. He is a severe censor—perhaps he deserves to be called a cynical censor—but he often teaches noble and elevating lessons; and we trust that the multitudes who enjoy his sketches of society, will accept the lessons conveyed in the pages of 'The Four Georges.' This volume, while perhaps it scarcely reaches the level of the lectures on 'The Humourists,' is of the same order. It is a most vivid picture of the state of English society in several periods of its later history. It is not history, but it is historical costume; and the many who delight rather to realise historical life from the costume than to know it from either philosophy or narrative, will find in this volume a most pleasant and healthy book. It has very much of that kind of charm which is so delightful in the letters of Horace Walpole—plenty of anecdote and epigram, and touches which make the picture start before the eye. The book is human, broad, and truthful. Our readers will be glad to see how heartily Mr. Thackeray stands by the progress of society; and young men and Christian men will hail these as

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- \* 1. *The Four Georges: Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court, and Town Life.* By W. M. Thackeray, author of 'Lectures on the English Humourists,' &c. &c. Smith & Elder. 1861.  
2. *Lovel the Widower.* By W. M. Thackeray, author of 'Vanity Fair,' &c. Smith & Elder. 1861.

words spoken in the right direction. We venture to think that Young Men's Christian Associations would do good to attempt to secure and to encourage more of that teaching on their platforms belonging to the order of these lectures. Here is a picture, which will be appreciated by our readers, of

#### THE COURT OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

'I read that Lady Yarmouth (my most religious and gracious king's favourite) sold a bishopric to a clergyman for £5,000. (She betted him £5,000 that he would not be made a bishop, and he lost, and paid her.) Was he the only prelate of his time led up by such hands for consecration? As I peep into George II.'s St. James's, I see crowds of cassocks rustling up the back-stairs of the ladies of the Court; stealthy clergy slipping purses into their laps; that godless old king yawning under his canopy in his Chapel Royal, as the chaplain before him is discoursing. Discoursing about what?—about righteousness and judgment? Whilst the chaplain is preaching the king is chattering in German almost as loud as the preacher; so loud that the clergyman—it may be one Dr. Young, he who wrote *Night Thoughts*, and discoursed on the splendours of the stars, the glories of heaven, and utter vanities of this world—actually burst out crying in his pulpit because the defender of the faith and dispenser of bishoprics would not listen to him! No wonder that the clergy were corrupt and indifferent amidst this indifference and corruption. No wonder that sceptics multiplied and morals degenerated, so far as they depended on the influence of such a king. No wonder that Whitfield cried out in the wilderness, that Wesley quitted the insulted temple to pray on the hill-side. I look with reverence on those men at that time. Which is the sublimer spectacle—the good John Wesley, surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the queen's chaplains mumbling through their morning office in their ante-room, under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opened into the adjoining chamber, where the queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Hervey, or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with the basin at her mistress's side? I say I am scared as I look round at this society—at this king, at these courtiers, at these politicians, at these bishops—at this flaunting vice and levity. Whereabouts in this Court is the honest man? Where is the pure person one may like? The air stifles one with its sickly perfumes. There are some old-world follies and some absurd ceremonials about our Court of the present day, which I laugh at, but as an Englishman, contrasting it with the past, shall I not acknowledge the change of to-day? As the mistress of St. James's passes me now, I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life; the good mother; the good wife; the accomplished lady; the enlightened friend of art; the tender sympathiser in her people's glories and sorrows.'

And here is a portrait of a courtly clergyman of the reign

of George III., one of those men who are the very gardeners and arboriculturists of infidelity, as Mr. Thackeray evidently thinks :—

‘Selwyn has a chaplain and parasite, one Dr. Warner, than whom Plautus, or Ben Jonson, or Hogarth, never painted a better character. In letter after letter he adds fresh strokes to the portrait of himself, and completes a portrait not a little curious to look at now that the man has passed away; all the foul pleasures and gambols in which he revelled, played out; all the rouged faces into which he leered, worms and skulls; all the fine gentlemen whose shoebuckles he kissed, laid in their coffins. This worthy clergyman takes care to tell us that he does not believe in his religion, though, thank heaven, he is not so great a rogue as a lawyer. He goes on Mr. Selwyn’s errands, any errands, and is proud, he says, to be that gentleman’s proveditor. He waits upon the Duke of Queensbury—old Q.—and exchanges pretty stories with that aristocrat. He comes home “after a hard day’s christening,” as he says, and writes to his patron before sitting down to whist and partridges for supper. He revels in the thoughts of ox-cheek and burgundy,—he is a boisterous, uproarious parasite, licks his master’s shoes with explosions of laughter and cunning smack and gusto, and likes the taste of that blacking as much as the best claret in old Q.’s cellar. He has Rabelais and Horace at his greasy fingers’ ends. He is inexpressibly mean, curiously jolly; kindly and good-natured in secret—a tender-hearted knave, not a venomous lick-spittle. Jesse says, that at his chapel in Long Acre, “he attained a considerable popularity by the pleasing, manly, and eloquent style of his delivery.” Was infidelity endemic, and corruption in the air?’

The writer reserves the full fruition of his contempt—the subject of it does not deserve or receive the dignity of hate or scorn—for George IV. ‘Yon fribble, dancing in lace and spangles.’ ‘*He* the first gentleman in Europe! Without love, I can fancy no gentleman. There is no stronger satire on the proud English society of that day, than that they admired George.’ ‘Here was one who never resisted any temptation; never had a desire but he coddled and pampered it; if ever he had any nerve, frittered it away among cooks, and tailors, and barbers, and furniture-mongers, and opera-dancers.’ ‘The boy is father of the man. Our prince signalled his entrance into the world by a feat worthy of his future life. He invented a new shoe-buckle. It was an inch long and five inches broad.’ ‘That man’s opinions about the Constitution, the India Bill, Justice to the Catholics—about any question graver than the button for a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge—worth any-



thing!’ Here is a portrait, or what may pass for such, of our recent royal Sybarite and English Heliogabalus more at length.

‘The sailor king who came after George, was a man: the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognise but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt’s best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, underwaistcoats, more underwaistcoats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered. Documents are published under his name, but people wrote them—private letters, but people spelt them. He put a great George P. or George R. at the bottom of the page and fancied he had written the paper: some bookseller’s clerk, some poor author, some *man* did the work; saw to the spelling, cleaned up the slovenly sentences, and gave the lax maudlin slipslop a sort of consistency. He must have had an individuality: the dancing-master whom he emulated, nay surpassed—the wig-maker who curled his toupee for him—the tailor who cut his coats, had that. But, about George, one can get at nothing actual. That outside, I am certain, is pad and tailor’s work; there may be something behind, but what? We cannot get at the character; no doubt never shall. Will men of the future have nothing better to do than to unswathe and interpret that royal old mummy? I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on, to summon a full field, and then to hunt the poor game.’

The following anecdotes, too, are well told, and give a fine insight to the royalties of the monarch. We present them in succession.

#### GEORGE THE FOURTH AND THE RING.

‘So is another famous British institution gone to decay—the Ring: the noble practice of British boxing, which in my youth was still almost flourishing.

‘The prince, in his early days, was a great patron of this national sport, as his grand-uncle Culloden Cumberland had been before him; but, being present at a fight at Brighton, where one of the combatants was killed, the prince pensioned the boxer’s widow, and declared he never would attend another battle. “But, nevertheless,”—I read in the noble language of Pierce Egan (whose smaller work on Pugilism I have the honour to possess),—“he thought it a manly and decided English feature, which ought not to be destroyed. His majesty had a drawing of the sporting characters in the Fives’ Court placed in his boudoir, to remind him of his former attachment and support of true courage; and when any fight of note occurred after he was king, accounts of it were read to him by his desire.” That

gives one a fine image of a king taking his recreation ;—at ease in a royal dressing-gown ; too majestic to read himself, ordering the prime minister to read him accounts of battles : how Cribb punched Molyneux's eye, or Jack Randall thrashed the Game Chicken.'

GEORGE THE FOURTH AND CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

'The time came when George IV. was pressed too upon the Catholic claims : the cautious Peel had slipped over to that side ; the grim old Wellington had joined it ; and Peel tells us, in his "Memoirs," what was the conduct of the king. He at first refused to submit ; whereupon Peel and the duke offered their resignations, which their gracious master accepted. He did these two gentlemen the honour, Peel says, to kiss them both when they went away. (Fancy old Arthur's grim countenance and eagle beak as the monarch kisses it !) When they were gone he sent after them, surrendered, and wrote to them a letter begging them to remain in office, and allowing them to have their way. Then his majesty had a meeting with Eldon, which is related at curious length in the latter's "Memoirs." He told Eldon what was not true about his interview with the new Catholic converts ; utterly misled the old ex-chancellor ; cried, whimpered, fell on his neck, and kissed him too. We know old Eldon's own tears were pumped very freely. Did these two fountains gush together ? I can't fancy a behaviour more unmanly, imbecile, pitiable. This a defender of the faith ! This a chief in the crisis of a great nation ! This an inheritor of the courage of the Georges !'

Our readers will perceive from these extracts that we have not estimated too highly this pleasant and very healthy book, in which, because the satirist lashes vice so heartily, the reader must not suppose there is not, therefore, a hearty appreciation of truth and virtue,—the contrasts of the mock gentleman and mock majesty with Reginald Heber, Walter Scott, Robert Southey, and Cuthbert Collingwood, are affecting and admirable. Some of the little glimpses of personal anecdote are very delightful—of the author's intimacy with Miss Berry, of a vision he once had of the first Napoleon. No doubt the preparation of these lectures was easy work to the author, but they are lectures which could only be prepared by a man accustomed to higher aims and higher work. The very quiet manner in which the writer indulges, from which the sins and shames of the Fourth George arouse him, contains many traits of that firm, concentrated, and effective force abounding in his larger works, the combination of all that is stinging in sarcasm, provoking in humour and banter, and perfect in style. Is it desirable to have our eyes opened to the ludicrous side of life ? Is it desirable to be

enlightened to the knowledge of the incongruous and inconsistent in human existence? Is it desirable to be able to see all the little ways and little tricks of little men, and all the same littlenesses as they exist in greater men? The laughable side of life, the morbid, one-sided development, the caricaturing spirit of stupidity or of falsehood. Is not this what the wit of the highest order and the humourist have been perpetually engaged in noting? 'This comes of walking on the earth,' said the Hidalgo of Spain as he fell on the ground. The Thackerays pick up these developments, and they use them to some purpose. 'A Conservative,' said Douglas Jerrold, 'is a man who will not look at the new moon out of respect to that ancient constitution the old moon.' No, we think we shall not be long disposed to object to the Hogarths any more than to the Wilkies in the world of letters. These men, whose eyes are open, behold in all things, even the very meanest, a moral analogy, and use it. The little poker we use by our family fireside is not a dignified article, but Douglas Jerrold, as he sees the two by the fire, the poker for use and the poker for show, sees with his shrewd eye a likeness to the two orders of society, and he says in his sharp, caustic way, 'Be a bright poker, my boy, not black, not begrimed or soiled, but standing by the fire doing nothing.'

It is very long now since the world commenced its lessons in satire. To cure a folly satirise it, has long been a standing receipt in social usage, and it pleads the sanction of some very venerable and classical names. *Wrath revealing itself by laughter* is a strange spectacle, but it has not been an uncommon one in the course of the world's history and literature. Men whose spirits have been passionately moved by the spectacle of the world's disarray, have often been stirred to a speech which has shivered itself out in a thousand mirth-provoking images, even as the expression of the human face in the deepest humour is the nearest we know to its resemblance when smitten with the most excruciating pain.

Wrath revealed itself by laughter in the pages of old Aristophanes, in the croaking of the frogs on the lake, in the basket in which Socrates was elevated before the eyes of the auditors of the Athenic theatre. And that laughter of the old Grecian comedian shows us, too, that frequently the laughter in which men may indulge results not from the highest wisdom; or it is at any rate a wisdom born of hate and contempt. How superciliously he looks upon and grunts and croaks at the words and abstractions of the Grecian sage, the wisest and the highest of his country, the greatest of his time. How poorly



shows the laughter of the comic poet beside the repose of the philosopher. Wrath revealed itself by laughter in the pages of old Rabelais. The less we say the better every way about that same great apostle of truth and filthiness. But there is, it should seem, no doubt that in all those grotesque and abnormal creations he was striking at the immense and colossal sins and shames of his age. To him must have been ever present the sad sight of a disjointed world, of the most noble and beautiful on the rack of time, of the motley medley of kings, and priests, and popes, and statesmen, until the whole became at once concrete and abstract to him, and he burst into a howl of savage, and yet not uninstructional laughter, which has echoed from his day to ours.

*Contempt also reveals itself by laughter*; in the degree in which the incongruity is felt to be powerful and colossal above us—a tremendous engine threatening to crush us, our revenge and laughter seeks their adequate expression in *wrath*. For, as we said, wrath can laugh—a savage grin—a pasquinade—a torrent or a storm of sad merriment secreting itself behind the gay curtains of Gargantuan and Panurgic fancy; even as we hear the thunders—the mimic thunders—and watch the mimic lightnings which may roll or gleam to our ears or eyes from behind the painted scene of the theatre. But when the thing is beneath us, when that which provokes our ire provokes also our contempt—when the fly on the chariot-wheel will say, ‘What a dust I kick up!’—or when the gnat will apologise to the elephant for adding so materially to his burden by riding on his ear—when little men strut across the stage dressed in stage properties, but insisting on it that they are not mimic but real sovereigns—then, instead of wrath, the feeling is contempt. And no writer we know of so much as Thackeray justifies the definition of laughter given by Hobbes—that it is *self-satisfied contempt*. Indeed, there is much in all laughter to justify that opinion. All our great humourists seem to indulge in the same complacent sneer at human infirmity—the same self-pluming gratification at their neighbours’ sins. But Mr. Thackeray especially seems to affect the Cambyzes vein. He never goes off in raptures. You never catch him in a passion. There is nothing about him that looks as belonging to the ordinary infirmities of mankind. He cannot even afford to curl his lip into a sneer. He does not even indulge in laughter: it is ludicrous contempt, and nothing more. He is so well behaved; he always puts on white kid gloves when he is about to take in hand the scourge for some poor unfortunate. He calls you a disreputable rascal, and accompanies the smart characterisation by an oath; but then he most gracefully begs

your pardon for apparent impetuosity. He delivers you a challenge ; he declares he is under the necessity of blowing your brains out ; but then he folds the challenge in best scented and rose-pink paper, and delivers it with a bow. He stands devotedly by the proprieties of life. One sees plainly enough that he is always laughing at us, but he never violates the order of good society.

Will any reader tell us he has ever been greatly bettered by the reading of any of Mr. Thackeray's books? There is very little imitable goodness in them. He paints us pictures, and men too, near our own level ; and we know well that that results, as a great teacher (himself an illustration of it) has said, in reducing us beneath our level. Men must be painted *better* than they are, if we expect them to feel as they should feel. Thackeray never idealises, never rises beyond the level of routine society or routine morality. In reading, we never have occasion to look up. There is nothing above us. There is nothing to worship. Thackeray sees a humorous, a satiric side to all things. This constitutes the defect, and the unhealthy aspect of all his smaller works, and it is the cause of all that indifference which spreads like a mist over all his larger works. He turns all things into satire. He laughs at everybody and everything. All books, men, societies, are the subjects of fun. This is not healthy. In all his minor writings certainly you breathe nothing but nitric oxide, and it is not the atmosphere to inflate healthily human lungs. To see wherever the eye rests some grotesque and sneering countenance—to know or to imagine that all things minister only to ludicrous purposes ;—this is not the best picture gallery—this is not likely to give noble purpose and aim and intention to life. Laughter should be the dessert, not the dinner. It should be the luxury of life, not its necessity. We should drink it as sparingly as champagne, not as regularly as water. Laughter is capital taken as a tonic, but it is not a good aliment. It will admirably rouse attention, but then it will also pall attention. It is good for an occasion, it is evil for a continuance. Perhaps in his affecting story of Colonel Snobley we are to perceive something of his own style of warfare :—

‘ When I was taking the waters at Bagnigge Wells, and living at the Imperial Hotel there, there used to sit opposite me at breakfast, for a short time, a Snob so insufferable that I felt I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. His name was Lieutenant-Colonel Snobley, of a certain dragoon regiment. He wore japanned boots and moustachios ; he lisped, drawled, and left the “ r’s ” out of his words ; he was always flourishing about, and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandanna, that



filled the room with an odour of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that Snob, and that either he or I should quit the Inn. I first began harmless conversations with him; frightening him exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when so attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty with him as to speak *first*; then I handed him the paper; then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily, and—and use my fork in the light of a toothpick. After two mornings of this practice, he could bear it no longer, and fairly quitted the place.

‘Should the Colonel see this, will he remember the Gent. who asked him if he thought Publicoaler was a fine writer, and drove him from the Hotel with a four-pronged fork?’

Thackeray is a cynic certainly, but not of the order of Timon. He does not bark or growl or bite. He walks through ‘Vanity Fair,’ and sniffs contemptuously. He is scarcely the kind of cynic the apostle had in view when he said, ‘Beware of dogs;’ and indeed there is far less of the cynical temper in his later productions. Still the same air of cool, self-satisfied contempt is here in the volume lying before us. ‘Lovel the Widower’ is a little portrait of

A MUFF.

‘The principal personage you may very likely think to be no better than a muff. But is many a respectable man of our acquaintance much better? and do muffs know that they are what they are, or, knowing it, are they unhappy? Do girls decline to marry one if he is rich? Do we refuse to dine with one? I listened to one at church last Sunday, with all the women crying and sobbing; and oh, dear me! how finely he preached! Don’t we give him great credit for wisdom and eloquence in the House of Commons? Don’t we give him important commands in the army? Can you, or can you not, point out one who has been made a peer? Doesn’t your wife call one in the moment any of the children are ill? Don’t we read his dear poems, or even novels? Yes; perhaps even this one is read and written by—Well? *Quid rides?* Do you mean that I am painting a portrait which hangs before me every morning in the looking-glass when I am shaving? *Après?* Do you suppose that I suppose that I have not infirmities like my neighbours? Am I weak? It is notorious to all my friends there is a certain dish I can’t resist; no, not if I have already eaten twice too much at dinner. So, dear sir, or madam, have *you* your weakness—*your* irresistible dish of temptation? (or if you don’t know it, your friends do).’

The whole of the volume of ‘The Book of Snobs’ is a series of these cynical sketches. Witness, for instance, the

TRAGEDY OF THE SILVER FORK.

‘For instance: I once knew a man who committed before me an act as atrocious as that which I have indicated in the last chapter as

performed by me for the purpose of disgusting Colonel Snobley, viz., the using the fork in the guise of a toothpick. I once, I say, knew a man who, dining in my company at the Europa coffee-house, (opposite the Grand Opera, and, as everybody knows, the only decent place for dining at Naples), ate peas with the assistance of his knife. He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first—indeed, we had met in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and were subsequently robbed and held to ransom by brigands in Calabria, which is nothing to the purpose—a man of great powers, excellent heart, and varied information; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, *and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.*

‘After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me—to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the Honourable Poly Anthus) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances—in no wise affecting Mr. Marrowfat’s honour, or my esteem for him—had occurred, which obliged me to forego my intimacy with him; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct that night at the Duchess of Monte Fiasco’s ball.

‘Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the Damon and Pythias—indeed, Marrowfat had saved my life more than once—but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do? . . .

‘The cause of my quarrel with Marrowfat I never breathed to mortal soul for four years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy—our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board; but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable, until the fourth of June, last year.

‘We met at Sir George Golloper’s. We were placed, he on the right, your humble servant on the left of the admirable Lady G. Peas formed part of the banquet—ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw Marrowfat helped, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

‘What was my astonishment, what my delight, when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed back upon me—the remembrance of old services—his rescuing me from the brigands—his gallant conduct in the affair with the Countess Dei Spinachi—his lending me the £1,700. I almost burst into tears with joy, my voice trembled with emotion. “George, my boy!” I exclaimed, “George Marrowfat, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!”

‘Blushing—deeply moved—almost as tremulous as I was myself, George answered, “*Frank, shall it be Hock or Madeira?*” I could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company. Little did Lady Golloper know what was the cause of the emotion which sent the duckling I was carving into her Ladyship’s pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

‘We have been the closest friends ever since, nor, of course, has

George repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas, and only used two-pronged forks; and it was only by living on the Continent, where the usage of the four-prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom.

'In this point—and in this only—I confess myself a member of the Silver Fork School, *and if this tale but induce one of my readers to pause, to examine in his own mind solemnly, and ask, "Do I or do I not eat peas with a knife?"—to see the ruin which may fall upon himself by continuing the practice, or his family by beholding the example,* these lines will not have been written in vain. And now, whatever other authors may be who contribute to this miscellany, I flatter myself it will be allowed that *I*, at least, am a moral man.

'By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this history is. The moral is this—Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders.'

This coolness and audacity of our writer constitutes with many the attraction of his style. He is eminently the censor of our times and our age—a well-behaved and well-dressed Diogenes of letters; but he always produces the feeling that his eye, and perhaps his eye-glass, are awkwardly and suspiciously fixed upon us. Professed satirist as he is, we believe no satirist in the history of English literature has used his powers so well and innocently. We may demur to many of his views of human life; but who does not admire the thoroughness with which he lays bare the vices and sins of modern society?

Thackeray is the genius of 'Vanity Fair.' In this he is very unlike his great ancestor Fielding. All that he seems to know really of life is a kind of high life, and if low life, only as it has a relation to high life. He seldom steps from the houses of the great; perhaps if he did he would believe more in human reality. But he does not see anything out of Vanity Fair. The Great Gaunt House, the residence of the Marquis of Stein, is in Vanity Fair, and so is the residence of old Osborne, in Russell Square, and so is the crowded house of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley; the old Earl of Bareacres, Sir Pitt Crawley, Sen., and Sir Pitt Crawley, Jun.; the vanity of the coarse old miser, and of the weak and Empty Pharisee, and 'The Book of Snobs' is a treatise on the morality of Vanity Fair. 'Pendennis' is Vanity Fair, and the 'Newcomes' more truly so,—vanity of vanities, this is his constant cry; he is the painter of Vanity Fair. How little of nature; no raptures does he indulge in, either on nature or on art. No writer so reminds one of the council of the old Master 'Never admire'—

'Propre res est una,

Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum.'



Here in these books you see no great passions; no, their greatness consists in their lying so near to our own most ordinary level. Here are no great questions; few great events, and those frequently made to look mean;—no great persons, it is just *Vanity Fair*. Love, the great event of life, is *Vanity Fair* too. Is it not so in the history of *Amelia*, the poor victim of an affection fastened on a shapeless shadow; or of *Pendennis*, the enamoured of an empty actress; while *Laura* and *Dobbin* look like the victims of *Vanity Fair*? Trade is *Vanity Fair*. Poor old *Sedly* and coarse old *Osborne* are both made to tell this truth, the one in disappointed pride, the other in disappointed hopes; this also is vanity. The most beautiful of *Thackeray's* stories, the only one which can be called beautiful, is '*Esmond*,' full of tender and touching things and scenes, in which also we are brought near to pleasant glimpses of country life. An honest, noble book; but with its sad pictures of disappointment, of domestic misery, and fading hopes, or hopes realised only in the withered leaf. We say this also is vanity.

But the views of life to be true and healthy must be circular, inclusive. A view of life and character may be very real so far as it goes. A piece of coal is very real, but it does not illustrate the nature of gold, still less does it illustrate the shape and the proportions of the world. The study of a nettle is very good, and as we pluck or gather it with some care, and it lies on our study table, it is very curious and interesting; but it does not illustrate the nature of the oak, still less does it illustrate the extent and variety of the vegetable kingdom. Thus it is in the world of letters, and especially the world of fiction. Characters true and most real in themselves do not illustrate other characters; and if the painter only gives to us a hint of that which he has desired and delighted to observe and to paint, excluding all regard to other portraits and impressions, why it must follow that all other eulogies on the author's reality do not amount to an eulogy on his universality and the justice of his impressions. *Thackeray* we hold to be an eminently real writer. His knowledge of the character he determines to depict is almost profound. He is most actual in his delineations, but his range is circumscribed. The life he beholds and inspects is of course the life he has led and seen. His pictures are as real as any house in *Fleet Street*, the *Piccadilly*, and *Strand*; but we will not, therefore, say '*Such is Life*.' The cottage in the glen, the houses of the village are just as real; but he has no disposition to see them, or if he sees them, it is through the spectacles purchased in *Regent Street*. We must not confound, we say, reality with universality, and suppose because we are admiring a speci-

men of the dragon fly, that we are, therefore, to deny that there is such a being as a bird of paradise or a humming bird. It seems to us that the readers of Mr. Thackeray are constantly falling into this error, and confounding truth of detail with truth of doctrine.

The pathos of Thackeray is like all else he touches or writes; it is fine—it is mournful, but it is full of mourning, over human forgetfulness and faithlessness, we have frequently the most true and amiable sentiments, but they are ever the same perpetually recurring elegies on human truth and reality. Mingled with every grief, he sees the bitter one of selfishness—the sorrow would not move by itself, it is born of the miserable condition of the mourner. Has he a thought that a deep, fervid, and unselfish sincerity may be the central spring and fountain of many tears? or does he submit human tears to trial in the hard alembic of his own mind, and console himself for the grief he cannot but perceive by finding that a tear is composed of so many grains of sympathy, with so many scruples of disappointed self-will, and so many scruples of disappointed self-love? Does he behold anything in a tear holier than this? Perhaps it is also very clear that he does not think so much of tears; are they to him the best proofs of the dignity of our race? or may a man get through the world without shedding any of them, and so be the best representative of true chivalry and knighthood—hard and bright as steel? We will not now say that it is so with our author; we believe we have perceived a growing gentleness and sympathy in his writings—a growing geniality; he does not add to the great illustrations of his power—nothing adds to the conception of that as given to us in ‘*Vanity Fair*’; but even there we have illustrations of pathos of the highest order. We have often thought of the following as one of the most touching and effective pieces of writing in our literature:—

IN WHICH TWO LIGHTS ARE PUT OUT.

‘There came a day when the round of decorous pleasures and solemn gaieties in which Mr. Jos Sedley’s family indulged, was interrupted by an event which happens in most houses. As you ascend the staircase of your house from the drawing towards the bed-room floors, you may have remarked a little arch in the wall right before you, which at once gives light to the stair which leads from the second story to the third (where the nursery and servants’ chambers commonly are) and serves for another purpose of utility, of which the undertaker’s men can give you a notion. They rest the coffins upon that arch, or pass them through it so as not to disturb in any unseemly manner the cold tenant slumbering within the black arch.

‘That second-floor arch in a London house, looking up and down the well of the staircase, and commanding the main thoroughfare by which the inhabitants are passing; by which cook lurks down before daylight to scour her pots and pans in the kitchen; by which young master stealthily ascends, having left his boots in the hall, and let himself in after dawn from a jolly night at the Club; down which miss comes rustling in fresh ribbons and spreading muslins, brilliant and beautiful, and prepared for conquest and the ball; or master Tommy slides, preferring the bannisters for a mode of conveyance, and disdaining danger and the stair; down which the mother is fondly carried smiling in her strong husband’s arms, as he steps steadily step by step, and followed by the monthly nurse, on the day when the medical man has pronounced that the charming patient may go down stairs; up which John lurks to bed, yawning with a sputtering tallow candle, and to gather up before sunrise the boots which are awaiting him in the passages;—that stair, up or down which babies are carried, old people are helped, guests are marshalled to the ball, the parson walks to the christening, the doctor to the sick room, and the undertaker’s men to the upper floor—what a memento of Life, Death, and Vanity it is—that arch and stair—if you choose to consider it, and sit on the landing, looking up and down the well! The doctor will come up to us too for the last time there, my friend in motley. The nurse will look in at the curtains, and you take no notice—and then she will fling open the windows for a little, and let in the air. Then they will pull down all the front blinds of the house and live in the back rooms—then they will send for the lawyer and other men in black, &c.—Your comedy and mine will have been played then, and we shall be removed, O how far, from the trumpets, and the shouting, and the posture-making. If we are gentlefolks they will put hatchments over our late domicile, with gilt cherubim, and mottoes stating that there is “Quiet in Heaven.” Your son will new furnish the house, or perhaps let it, and go into a more modern quarter; your name will be among the “Members Deceased,” in the lists of your clubs next year. However much you may be mourned, your widow will like to have her weeds neatly made—the cook will send or come up to ask about dinner—the survivors will soon bear to look at your picture over the mantel-piece, which will presently be deposed from the place of honour, to make way for the portrait of the son who reigns.

‘Which of the dead are most tenderly and passionately deplored? Those who love the survivors the least, I believe. The death of a child occasions a passion of grief and frantic tears, such as your end, brother reader, will never inspire. The death of an infant which scarce knew you, which a week’s absence from you would have caused to forget you, will strike you down more than the loss of your closest friend, or your first-born son—a man grown like yourself, with children of his own. We may be harsh and stern with Judah and Simeon—our love and pity gushes out for Benjamin, the little one. And if you are old, as some reader of this may be or shall be—old



and rich, or old and poor—you may one day be thinking for yourself—"These people are very good round about me; but they won't grieve too much when I am gone. I am very rich, and they want my inheritance—or very poor, and they are tired of supporting me."

'The period of mourning for Mrs. Sedley's death was only just concluded, and Jos scarcely had had time to cast off his black and appear in the splendid waistcoats which he loved, when it became evident to those about Mr. Sedley that another event was at hand, and that the old man was about to go seek for his wife in the dark land whither she had preceded him.'

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'Perhaps as he was lying awake then, his life may have passed before him—his early hopeful struggles, his manly successes and prosperity, his downfall in his declining years, and his present helpless condition—no chance of revenge against Fortune, which had had the better of him—neither name nor money to bequeath—a spent-out, bootless life of defeat and disappointment, and the end here! Which, I wonder, brother reader, is the better lot, to die prosperous and famous, or poor and disappointed? To have, and to be forced to yield; or to sink out of life, having played and lost the game? That must be a strange feeling, when a day of our life comes and we say, "*To-morrow*, success or failure won't matter much: and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work or their pleasure as usual, but I shall be out of the turmoil."

'So there came one morning and sunrise, when all the world got up and set about its various works and pleasures, with the exception of old Joseph Sedley, who was not to fight with fortune, or to hope or scheme any more: but to go and take up a quiet and utterly unknown residence in a churchyard at Brompton by the side of his old wife.

'Major Dobbin, Jos, and Georgy followed his remains to the grave, in a black cloth coach. Jos came on purpose from the Star and Garter at Richmond, whither he retreated after the deplorable event. He did not care to remain in the house, with the—under the circumstances, you understand. But Emmy staid and did her duty as usual. She was bowed down by no especial grief, and rather solemn than sorrowful. She prayed that her own end might be as calm and painless, and thought with trust and reverence of the words which she had heard from her father during his illness, indicative of his faith, his resignation, and his future hope.

'Yes, I think that will be the better ending of the two, after all. Suppose you are particularly rich and well-to-do, and say on that last day, "I am very rich; I am tolerably well known; I have lived all my life in the best society, and, thank Heaven, come of a most respectable family. I have served my King and country with honour. I was in Parliament for several years, where, I may say, my speeches were listened to, and pretty well received. I don't owe any man a shilling: on the contrary, I lent my old college friend, Jack Lazarus, fifty pounds, for which my executors will not press him. I leave my

daughters with ten thousand pounds a-piece—very good portions for girls: I bequeath my plate and furniture, my house in Baker Street, with a handsome jointure, to my widow for her life; and my landed property, besides money in the funds, and my cellar of well-selected wine in Baker Street, to my son. I leave twenty pounds a-year to my valet; and I defy any man after I am gone to find anything against my character." Or suppose, on the other hand, your swan sings quite a different sort of dirge, and you say, "I am a poor, blighted, disappointed old fellow, and have made an utter failure through life. I was not endowed either with brains or with good fortune: and confess that I have committed a hundred mistakes and blunders. I own to having forgotten my duty many a time. I can't pay what I owe. On my last bed I lie utterly helpless and humble; and I pray forgiveness for my weakness, and throw myself with a contrite heart, at the feet of the Divine Mercy." Which of these two speeches, think you, would be the best oration for your own funeral? Old Sedley made the last; and in that humble frame of mind, and holding by the hand of his daughter, life and disappointment and vanity sank away from under him.'

This is perfectly beautiful and true, and good; would that our author would give to us more scenes and soliloquies like it!

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## II.

### SORTAIN OF BRIGHTON.\*

MR. THACKERAY'S opinion of Mr. Sortain will, no doubt, take many readers by surprise, 'The most accomplished orator I ever heard in my life;' high and unexpected praise indeed from the author of 'Vanity Fair,' a man we should suppose not very easily pleased. Highly as he was appreciated in Brighton, he was not popularly known beyond its limits; and although assuredly an 'accomplished,' he was in no sense a popular orator. His mind was well cultivated and thoroughly furnished, but cultivated himself, he demanded a cultivated audience for the efficiency of his ministrations, nor does he appear to have possessed those qualifications, those popular sympathies and powers of humanity, which would have made it a pleasure to him to engage in work

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\* 1. *Memorials of the Rev. Joseph Sortain, B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin.* By B. M. Sortain. James Nisbet & Co.  
 2. *Sermons by the Rev. Joseph Sortain, B.A., Minister of North Street Chapel, Brighton.* Longmans. 1860.



for the world; and he was never strong. Hence, although so well known in the neighbourhood of his ministry, and known to the multitudes who throng that resort of fashion in search of frivolity, and sickness in search of kind skies and bracing sea breezes, Joseph Sortain, on the whole, was little known.

But a memoir is now more necessary for a memory than a monument was once, and biographies are the tomb-stones in the great cemetery of the departed; and most memoirs are tombs, and nothing more. We read the name, a word or two of the inscription, and pass on. It was to be expected that Joseph Sortain would receive the honour of a memoir. His people and the large circle of his private friends no doubt expected and demanded it. A wife disarms all criticism, and this life is compiled by the wife and the widow. We have usually felt that praise is impertinent, and blame, unless under very exceptional circumstances, is out of the question. We believe that throughout his life Mr. Sortain laboured to show how few were the links which held him to Nonconformity; and his biographer has been very careful in this matter to be just to his memory, even in the title-page. We venture respectfully to say that the subject of the memoir, however, was what he was, and is what he is, much more as the minister of North Street Chapel, Brighton, than student of Trinity College, Dublin. He was a student of Cheshunt College also. He was more. For some time he fulfilled the duties of a tutor in the latter college. We can sympathise with this timidity and delicate regard towards Church of Englandism in a watering-place, and especially a watering-place like Brighton. Dissent is in such regions a very naughty thing; still it must be recollected that Joseph Sortain would have done but slight violation to his conscience by subscription and conformity to Church of Englandism. We believe he had many opportunities given to him of graceful and profitable entrance into the Established Church. Our readers know the very well-known modern distinction between clergymen and Nonconformist ministers,—the clergyman subscribes more than he believes, the Nonconformist believes more than he would subscribe. Sortain believed most things he would have been called on to subscribe, still he did not subscribe, however timidly he avowed his own Nonconformity, and however earnestly his most excellent widow attempts to make it appear that he was not a Nonconformist of the Nonconformists. We must claim him as, we hope and believe, one of those who, in our days, preach the same lesson preached and practised by the glorious two thousand Confessors of 1662.

Joseph Sortain was born at Clifton, near Bristol, in 1809.

He was descended from a family of Huguenots which fled to England from the persecution upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The piety of the great grandfather descended from sire to son. Upon the birth of Joseph his father took him in his arms and solemnly consecrated him to God, begging him to grant one request, that he might be either a missionary to the heathen or a minister of the Gospel at home. The youthful years of the future successful minister are very slightly touched in the memoir before us. The name of his pastor and friend, the Rev. William Lucy, late of Bristol, and now of Malvern, through whose ministrations we learn from other sources he was induced to give his heart to his Saviour, is not mentioned; the church of which he became a member is not mentioned. We presume it was through the interest of Mr. Lucy he was introduced to Cheshunt College, which he entered when about sixteen years of age. He studied also at Trinity College, Dublin, then the only University open to a Dissenter, and there he took his degree. He entered Cheshunt in 1826 for a very short time. We believe he was a fellow-student of that noble being, Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley. In those days, and for some time after the settlement of both the young men, considerable mutual friendship existed between them. They were much more nearly related together in moral character. They both came from Gloucestershire. Men more unlike now it seems impossible to conceive. How different their words and works look now—the rugged grandeur, the deep, hearty, public-spirited magnanimity of the Oberlin of Gloucestershire, and the artistic taste and delicate timidity of the fashionable preacher of Brighton, to come from the same plantation. Transplanted, how different the work and the destiny of the young grafts! Sortain was much younger than Parsons, but at nearly the same age they went to their rewards. Life and time separated them; we will believe they have found each other now. Both of them we find while at Cheshunt kept very extensive diaries. We have in the volume immediately before us a very lengthy diary of Sortain. At this time he had much mental debate touching Episcopalianism, or rather Church of Englandism, and Nonconformity. There seems to have been a real and noble contest going on within. His inclinations were to the Establishment. His conscience would not permit him to subscribe. The following is interesting:—

‘Last night I had some very interesting conversation with a young collegian who has honoured me with his friendship. He, Archer Butler, is one whom, if I mistake not, the world will hear of both as a good and a great man. But I cannot see as he sees on the question which disturbs my mind so much, and I must follow the dictates of

conscience, or woe betide me! for I should be unutterably miserable.'

Then came another trial. His voice, always weak, seemed failing him. His friends at Dublin suggested if he could only conform he might try for a fellowship, which it would be very desirable to obtain, and here would be rest for the lungs and a competence for some years. He was faithful to his conscience. We must quote the following words written in 1830 :—

“On all the points of Episcopacy, in respect to which I have above written my doubts, I am not, indeed, at present settled in my mind; but I think, on the general question of Dissent, the result to which I have come, after earnest thought and prayer, is decisive. *I cannot conform. I wish I could*; for often the wishes of my relatives and of my kind friends here make me desire to do so.

“The doctrine of baptismal regeneration, admitted, I cannot but think, in the Ritual, is enough to prevent me from being a clergyman of the Church of England. I could not read the Baptismal Service, nor the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.”

“In a letter written some years afterwards to a great friend, a clergyman of the Church of England, he says: “You cannot have a doubt of my most unqualified *Athanasianism*, as far as the doctrine of the Trinity is concerned. I believe the distinctions in that Creed to be as scriptural as they are clear. Notwithstanding, I could not read it, because I have no right to impose my distinctions upon other men.”

*Diary continued.*—“I am now, however, determined to throw in my lot with the Dissenters, and, after serious consideration, I think I must continue with that body of Christians with whom I have been mostly associated. I prefer their anxiety to win souls to the Saviour by acting on the principle which I feel persuaded the Apostle Paul adopted, when he conformed to some circumstances of the Jewish Ritual, though he felt convinced of the abrogation of the whole. I like the Church Liturgy, after one or two excisions; and I have seen and felt the advantages of it.’

He had no wealth at command. We will say it with homage and respect to his moral integrity, he was a poor lad vowed to the service of God indeed, but the value of that consecration was to him proportioned by his faithfulness to himself, his holding fast his integrity. Again and again he cries, ‘Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel.’ He writes in the dilemmas of his history :—

“I am as happy as, with these circumstances of anxiety, I can be. I sometimes reflect with considerable care on my future destination; but I leave all in the hands of my *best Friend*. He knows all. I again cry, and no petition is more dear to me, no petition has been more frequently answered to me, for the omission of no petition have



I been so much, but so salutarily punished—"Guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."

And at this time he was only about twenty years of age. The biographer has devoted considerable space to the days of Sortain spent in Dublin. Very naturally he charmed by his brilliancy a large and now eminent circle. He was even then an accomplished debater and essayist. Orderly and neat in all his arrangements, he did not think that genius was to be the license for carelessness. He was a student. His fellow-students still write of his eager voice, his deep, bright eye, his fiery yet logical eloquence. Even then he seems to have commanded attention by his tremulous and thrilling voice, and an electrical power which fascinated indeed when he became constant in his ministrations. These are beautiful memories of the young man, but far nobler, far higher are the records of those internal struggles in which Desire and Conscience came in contest with each other, and in which Conscience triumphed. But we must remind the amiable biographer that there was another college which had something to do in maturing this state of mind—a college some ten miles from London, with its simple rooms and quiet chapel, and library, and pleasant fields and trees, and winding river, and holy recollections. Something was due to the tutors there. The fellow-students, who might have supplied some recollections of the quiet village life and old college days—these are not even mentioned or alluded to. Joseph Sortain was not only educated in the brilliant circle of Trinity College, but in the calm retreats and silent shades of Cheshunt.

He settled at Brighton over North Street Chapel, in the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion. That place has a singular history. The Countess was at Brighton with her son, the Hon. Henry Hastings, for the benefit of his health. He died there. She, during her stay in the town, as her manner was, went about doing good. Her speech was impressive, perhaps aided by her rank. In one of her walks she entered the apartment of a soldier's wife recently delivered of twins, and the poor woman was awakened to a sense of sin and need of mercy. It seems her apartment adjoined a bakehouse, and there was a crack in the partition, so that people who came to the oven overheard what passed. Other poor women came to the room, and it was soon filled when the Countess came to speak to the people. Once, although the meeting had been only for the purpose of praying with the poor women, a profligate blacksmith reeled into the room, and he became a new creature, and the change was marvellous and conspicuous. For thirty years he continued a steadfast disciple, and died exclaiming, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come *quickly*.' There were other remarkable circumstances attending the visit of Lady Huntingdon to Brighton

At length she erected a small chapel adjoining the house in which she resided, which then stood where the front of the present chapel now stands. It was enlarged and reopened by George Whitfield; it was enlarged again and opened by William Romaine; and again enlarged and reopened by Rowland Hill; but the first permanent minister of the chapel was Joseph Sortain. At the age of twenty-two, in the year 1831, he was invited to become the pastor. With some reluctance, he accepted the call. He said 'he would not have undertaken it had he dared to decline it.'

We have already referred to the very high encomium pronounced by Mr. Thackeray upon the pulpit ministrations of the subject of the memoir. Upon the publication of the volume of sermons, he forwarded a copy to the distinguished writer, who had before introduced himself to Mr. Sortain, at the close of one of his lectures for the benefit of the Brighton Athenæum. The following reply has impressed us, has even added to our agreeable impressions of the character of the great satirist:—

'MY DEAR SIR,—I shall value your book very much, not only as the work of the most accomplished orator I have ever heard in my life, but, if you will let me so take it, as a token of good-will and interest on your part in my own literary pursuits. I want, too, to say, in my way, that love and truth are the greatest of Heaven's commandments and blessings to us; that the best of us, the many especially who pride themselves on their virtue most, are wretchedly weak, vain, and selfish; and to preach such a charity at least as a common sense of our shame and unworthiness might inspire to us poor people. I hope men of my profession do no harm who talk this doctrine out of doors to people in drawing-rooms and in the world. Your duty in church takes them a step higher, that awful step beyond ethics which leads you up to God's revealed truth. What a tremendous responsibility his is who has that mystery to explain! What a boon the faith which makes it clear to him! I am glad to have kind thoughts from you, and to have the opportunity of offering you my sincere respect and regard.

'Believe me most truly yours,

'My dear Sir,

'W. M. THACKERAY.

'13 *Young Street, Kensington,*

'*May 15th, 1850.*

'P.S.—Your book finds me at my desk writing, and I leave off to begin on a sermon.'

Bishop Coplestone used to call him his jewel of a Nonconformist; and Sir James Stephen speaks of his power of expounding abstruse or popular truths as exceedingly remarkable.

Judge Talfourd also bears a similar high testimony to the power of Mr. Sortain in the pulpit. He writes in a letter :—

‘Although personally a stranger to you, I venture to offer you the expression of my thanks for the noble and generous eloquence with which you have to-day thrilled me, and with it to seek your acceptance of a copy of the recent edition of efforts by which I have sought to manifest a love of literature without pretending to participate in its power. The fortunate accident of remaining for a Sunday at Brighton has enabled me to renew the intellectual enjoyment which I received last autumn on a similar occasion in your chapel, and to feel the influence of eloquence, which, even to one who has heard Robert Hall, is wholly unsurpassed : the only drawback from perfect gratification arises from a fear lest efforts so great of the intellect and the feeling should exhaust too much the physical energies of the frame which contains them, and the restoration of which to perfect health must be an object of earnest desire to all who wish the long continuance of the first powers devoted to the holiest uses. I therefore venture, as one deeply interested in their preservation, to echo entreaties you must often hear, that you would not, by too lavish an employment of your energies, allow them so to injure the tenement in which they are enshrined as to risk their long continuance with us.

‘With earnest wishes for your perfect health, all I can desire for you,

‘I remain,

‘Rev. and dear Sir,

‘Faithfully yours,

‘T. N. TALFOURD.’

These are high opinions from such men, and their tone assures us of the foundation on which they presented their eulogy. His preaching, while it had the charm—perhaps sometimes even the majesty—of genius, was the result of careful culture and preparation. We may commend to students the rules he laid down for himself. Genius seldom works by rule, but no doubt he found his interest in the constraint he put upon himself, as every man will find. Perhaps we only do justice too, after all, to the subject of the memoir, when we say that his was rather the power of the artist. He had much of the intuitive perception, the power to clothe instantly in an atmosphere of life-giving and creative words the perceptions and conceptions of his thought and fancy and feeling ; and we do suppose that sometimes, in his happier days and moods, the flow and force and fire of his expression defied the power of the reporter, and entranced and thrilled his hearers in a rapid rush of murmuring, subdued and subduing words. Then there is one word which alone seems to express what is best in eloquence. We speak of it as *felicity* of expres-



sion, and this felicity of expression Sortain had in a very eminent degree.

Here is an illustrative passage from his charge to John Smith Moffat, the son of the venerable Robert Moffat, on his ordination to the work of a missionary :—

“Your object is not to civilise, but to save men. The days are past when the cause of ‘civilisation’ exposed its advocates to scorn and disallowance. Now, the brightest admiration gazes upon men who, from the love of science, cross pathless sands and forests, and ford virgin rivers; who determine by their discoveries problems of the earth’s crust, the earth’s products, and the habits and the politics of the previously unknown of the earth’s inhabitants. All honour be to the Humboldts, and to the Barths, and the Andersons of our own age! In the name of the secular interests of humanity, future ages will do them homage. And, moreover, and in especial, the Church of God rejoices, yea, and will rejoice, that the great claims and designs of civilisation have been cherished by a Williams, an Ellis, a Moffat (your honoured father, whose mantle—and may it be long before he is called to cast it off—we pray may rest on you, with a double portion of his spirit), and a Livingstone.” \* \* \*

“And then, be assured that, while from the civilisation that shall inevitably follow on your purely Christian footsteps, your eye shall be gladdened with the corn-fields of industry, and the ships and marts of commerce, and the habitations of humanised life; you shall, more or less, rejoice at the infinitely higher civilisation, and one that shall be solely the preduct of the ‘foolishness’ and the ‘weakness’ of God in Christ: when of your future congregation, so cruel now, so rapacious now, you shall say,—‘The wolf and the lamb feed together; the leopard lies down with the kid; the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child doth lead them.’

“And now, my young brother, with affection and auspicious hope I bid thee ‘God speed.’ The Presbytery, of which I am the imperfect spokesman, biddeth thee ‘God speed.’ So does this congregation. The God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ make every wind upon thy voyage, whether storm or zephyr, to minister most kindly and felicitously to the quiet, and the safety, and the rapidity of the progress, of thee and thine! The God of Abraham conduct you both, until you both are clasped to the bosoms of the chivalrous Patriarch of Kuruman and your mother, his ‘beloved Persis, who hath laboured much in the Lord.’ May the Holy Spirit preside as you both kneel low to receive the father’s and the mother’s benison! Further, may you in health, in spiritual vigour and happiness, in unflinching but God-trusting resolution, join your truly noble Dr. Livingstone; yet, meanwhile, as you may have to glory in his triumphs of exploration, and in his researches of a sanctified philanthropy, I, a poor guilty sinner, yet a minister of Christ, overwhelmed, as I feel, with the reminiscences of an imperfect ministry,—‘I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ

Jesus,' that thou know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified; that thine intellect repose on nothing save the 'foolishness of God;' and that thine arm seek for no nerve save from the 'weakness' of the Almighty."

There is a power of metaphysical distinction most valuable to the preacher when he knows how to avail himself of it, it is far from making the discourse a tedious disquisition, a mere weighing of straws, of splitting of hairs; so far from this it furnishes some of the finest opportunities for the opening a way for the entrance of the truth into the mind, when it *is used*, not merely as a psychical statement or a metaphysical exercise. Sortain had this power in a very eminent degree. He ploughed no deep fields or furrows of thought, he sailed into no new and undiscovered regions; but he presented truths which must have fastened themselves upon his hearers' minds with all the freshness of novelty and discovery. It seems to have been his delight to use his imagination as a lamp to light up the distinct faculties of our nature, and their several responsibilities. When to an earnest faith in the Saviour is conjoined an irresistible eloquence, a vividness of imagination and poetry, and the fascination of metaphysical thought, these are the powers inspired by the Holy Spirit which make the Apostle Paul: he who possesses them must be a victor over human souls. We present an illustration of this favourite and practical manner of the preacher. Thus he argues the necessity of moral co-operation with intellectual belief:—

"Do I go out of the way of proper philosophical argument when I say, the same analogous principle is borne out in the text? The evidences of Christianity may be intellectually admitted, but that does not inevitably lead to belief. How comes it to pass that so many Christian people are in uncertainty as to God's truth, although the offers of Divine mercy are so manifold, although they are sure God is 'not a man that he should lie?' Not because they have one slightest intellectual doubt as to the conditions on which the promises are made, but because there is want of moral co-operation. The electric fluid of intellectual thought hath run down their frame, but instead of touching the heart and making it respond to the grand communication of truth, the fluid hath been absorbed in the earth. They have not placed themselves on some glass stool, to be insulated from earth, so taking the electric fluid and absorbing the truth of God in Christ in all the great relations of the Christian life. Man cannot create faith in himself. Unless there be moral co-operation intellectual conviction will not end in belief. If we are saved it must be as the result of the Divine procreation in our dead hearts. 'Lord, I believe,'—I am intellectually sure,—'Help thou my unbelief;'—let there be moral co-operation that I may avail myself of the conditions, that I may love the truth."



It was Mr. Sortain's usual method to seize one thought, and to hang upon it all the stores of his illustration and thought. Some of his sermons to children seem to us very beautiful. An illustration lies before us upon the prayers of Solomon.

“Now, suppose that God Almighty had come to you in the dead of night, on New-year's Eve. I am speaking very solemnly to you. Go back in thought to your little bed-rooms. The curtains are drawn around—the lamp is put out—there is no sound in the street—it is hushed, and quiet. The bright stars of heaven are watching you, as it were like angels' eyes. Suppose that last night God Almighty had spoken to you in a voice you could not mistake, saying, ‘Ask what I shall give thee: only tell me your wish, and it shall be realised. You shall live longer than anyone else. You shall have all the pomp and splendour you desire. Only ask what you wish, and you shall have it instantly.’ Now, what would you have answered? ‘O! God my Father, love me!’ Would you have said that? ‘O! God, I am a poor, weak, ignorant child; I cannot direct my own steps: do thou guide me and teach me.’ Would you have said that? If you had said this, he would have given you your request. He would have said, ‘Because you have preferred my love, my teaching, to anything else, you shall have it; and in addition, the brightest and happiest moments you can desire.’

“Well, now, God used to speak orally, and persons could hear him. You recollect how Elijah was astonished because he was rapt in a whirlwind and heard thunder, and at last a soft, gentle whisper—the whisper of love. God does not speak to us now. Why? Because he hath sent us a letter of instruction, appealing to our eyes instead of our ears. And the question he would have you ponder this morning, my children, is this:—‘Ask what I shall give thee. This is New-year's Day; I, your Father, who love you; I, who am anxious that no tear should be in your eyes, no sigh in your bosoms; I, who have sent my only son to suffer for you—I ask you on New-year's Day what gift you desire from me!’ Now, having said this, I am anxious you should have a happy new year. God hath sent me, His minister, to ask what gift you will have. You are not to tell me, but go home, and, as you retire to your own little chambers, and before you tell anybody else, go and tell Him what new-year's gift you desire; and if you ask aright, He will give it to you, and bless you.”

With all his rare powers, he was especially a preacher to the cultivated and to the polite. As we have said, he was an artist, and the art of his sermons was visible; he was, we venture to say, wanting in passion, and in the great sympathies. He had a loving, amiable spirit; but the intensity of his spirit did not equal the clearness of his perceptions.

He was active in the labours of his pen. He was the author of two novels designed to expound the principles of the Reforma-

tion. He was also the author of a life of Lord Bacon, and the life of a great favourite, a teetotaller, converted under his ministry from a reckless, ruthless sailor, to a meek—spirited Christian, 'Old Geering.' He contributed also many articles to the *British Critic* and the *Edinburgh Review*; he was also a very able lecturer, and when he appeared in Brighton for the Brighton Athenæum he always attracted large multitudes to listen. In his early years his friends thought him doomed to an early grave, but he performed a good day's work though dying in the prime of life. For some time he performed the duties of tutor in Cheshunt College, lecturing on Metaphysics, Mathematics, Language, Natural Philosophy, and Logic. He was invited to London to become the Pastor of Spa Fields, and the prayerful solicitude with which he stated to himself the relative claims of the London and the Brighton charge, reminds us of a similar mental controversy in the history of the beloved John Ely, between Rochdale and Leeds; the issue shows how each was rightly directed, the one to go, the other to stay. After much illness his beautiful and tender spirit passed away. The reader may gather and garner some of his dying sayings, among those of other dying saints. He knew something of the darkness of mental trial and spiritual conflict. How can any man preach who has not known that? To one who was suffering severely under a sense of sinful unworthiness, and who felt unable to approach the Communion of the Lord's Supper, he wrote—

"And now, startle not, and think not that I am precipitate in my advice, when I say,—Come to the Sacrament to-morrow. *Come!* Who are to come but broken-hearted sinners? Read the Communion Service over, and tell me what petitions or confessions *there* you are unwilling to adopt.

"I have written this very hurriedly, because it is Saturday.

"*Did you know the darkness of soul I pass through; the temptation to give up prayer; the critical points to which my faith and obedience are often brought; then would you see a resemblance between myself and you. I shall be much distressed until I know that you, with penitence and prayer, return to that blessed God who has given His own Son for your salvation.*"

Such notes as this show the minister indeed, and reveal higher ministerial gifts than the most costly oblations of imagination and rhetoric. But all the darkness rolled away from off the river as he went down to the beach; Jordan was not rough nor high.

"During one of the short intervals in which his wife was alone with him, and whilst he still retained consciousness, she remarked to him, "God is a very present help in trouble—you feel him so now,

dearest?" He replied, with a very sweet smile, which for a moment lit up his countenance, "Ah! what should I do without him now?"

'Mr. Erichsen arrived as soon as he could get to Norwood; but before he reached it, consciousness was gone. All that medical skill could suggest was done, but human aid was unavailing. At a little after nine o'clock this servant of God expired. So gentle and painless was his departure at last, that Dr. Humby and his wife, who were sitting on each side of him, hardly knew the exact moment when his spirit had flown to his much-loved Saviour's presence.'

He died in London, but his remains were removed the next day to Brighton, and there in the churchyard of Hove they lie in waiting for the final change—when the mortal shall put on immortality.

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### III.

#### CLOUGH'S POEMS.\*

THE recent death of the author of this volume of poems lends to them their temporary interest, but we do not hesitate to say that in reality they deserve to stand by the side of the poems of Browning and Tennyson; their relation to the same school of thought has been noticed before the author was well-known in Oxford. Our knowledge of the personal history of the author is derived alone from the *Spectator*, to which we have referred. From this we gather that he was one of Dr. Arnold's first pupils at Rugby. At Oxford, where he studied in the days when the great Tractarian questions were at their greatest heat, he was found on the side of freedom, and in the ranks of men foremost in the thought of their time. Having studied at Baliol he obtained a tutorship at Oriel; but the freedom of his soul soon separated him from his college. He was a very gentle being, but the scorn he felt for mere conventionalisms of society, is expressed in these lines, on—

#### DUTY.

'DUTY—that's to say complying  
With whate'er's expected here;  
On your unknown cousin's dying,  
Straight be ready with the tear

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\* *Poems.* By Arthur H. Clough. *Spectator*, Nov. 23rd, 1861



Upon etiquette relying,  
 Unto usage nought denying,  
 Lend your waist to be embraced,  
     Blush not even, never fear;  
 Claims of kith and kin connection,  
     Claims of manners honour still,  
 Ready money of affection  
     Pay, whoever drew the bill.  
 With the form conforming duly,  
 Senseless what it meaneth truly,  
 Go to church—the world require you,  
     To balls—the world require you too,  
 And marry—papa and mamma desire you,  
     And your sisters and schoolfellows do.  
 Duty—'tis to take on trust  
 What things are good, and right, and just;  
 And whether indeed they be or be not,  
 Try not, test not, feel not, see not:  
 'Tis walk and dance, sit down and rise  
 By leading, opening ne'er your eyes;  
 Stunt sturdy limbs that Nature gave,  
 And be drawn in a Bath chair along to the grave.'

But the charm of these poems is in the attempt they make to express emotions which the great mass of readers of poetry can never have felt, but which to those who have felt will be the source of even delight to see expressed in verse. Singular it is that even to find our spiritual doubt or difficulty accurately or admirably expressed by another, is to give the satisfaction of solution, even though it only represents the same difficulty and incertitude. These poems will only be poetry to a select number; it is true they have long been out of print, and they have never been reprinted. The following lines have great freshness of expression, while they so express that old feeling, the wearying sensation of the vanity of knowledge:—

'THE human spirits saw I on a day,  
 Sitting and looking each a different way;  
 And hardly tasking, subtly questioning,  
 Another spirit went around the ring  
 To each and each: and as he ceased his say,  
 Each after each, I heard them singly sing,  
 Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,  
 We know not,—what avails to know?  
 We know not,—wherefore need we know?  
 This answer gave they still unto his suing,  
 We know not, let us do as we are doing.  
 'Dost thou not know that these things only seem?—  
 I know not, let me dream my dream.  
 Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure?—  
 I know not, let me take my pleasure.  
 What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought?—  
 I know not, let me think my thought.

'What is the end of strife?—  
I know not, let me live my life.  
How many days or e'er thou mean'st to move?—  
I know not, let me love my love.  
Were not things old once new?—  
I know not, let me do as others do.  
And when the rest were over past,  
I know not, I will do my duty, said the last.

'Thy duty do? rejoined the voice,  
Ah do it, do it, and rejoice;  
But shalt thou then, when all is done,  
Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty  
Like these, that may be seen and won  
In life, whose course will then be run;  
Or wilt thou be where there is none?  
I know not, I will do my duty.

'And taking up the word around, above, below,  
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,  
We know not, sang they all, nor ever need we know  
We know not, sang they, what avails to know?  
Whereat the questioning spirit, some short space,  
Though unabashed, stood quiet in his place.  
But as the echoing chorus died away  
And to their dreams the rest returned apace,  
By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,  
And in a silvery whisper heard him say:  
Truly, thou know'st not, and thou needst not know;  
Hope only, hope thou, and believe away;  
I also know not, and I need not know,  
Only with questionings pass I to and fro,  
Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly  
Imbreeding doubt and sceptic melancholy;  
Till that their dreams deserting, they with me,  
Come all to this true ignorance and thee.'

Mr. Clough's sympathy with the advanced thought of his time and of his fellows in his university, in opposition to the superstitious dreams of the Tractarians, is very finely expressed in the poem entitled:—

'WHEN ISRAEL CAME OUT OF EGYPT.'

'Lo, here is God, and there is God! believe it not, O man;  
In such vain sort to this and that the ancient heathen ran;  
Though old Religion shake her head, and say in bitter grief,  
The day behold, at first foretold, of atheist unbelief:  
*Take better part, with manly heart, thine adult spirit can;*  
*Receive it not, believe it not, believe it not, O man!*

'As men at dead of night awaked with cries, "The king is here,"  
Rush forth and greet whome'er they meet, whome'er shall first appear;  
And still repeat, to all the street, "'Tis he,—the king is here;"  
The long procession moveth on, each nobler form they see  
With changeful suit they still salute, and cry, "'Tis he, 'tis he!"

- 'So, even so, when men were young, and earth and heaven was new,  
And His immediate presence he from human hearts withdrew,  
The soul perplexed and daily vexed with sensuous False and True,  
Amazed, bereaved, no less believed, and fain would see him too:  
He is! the prophet-tongues proclaimed; in joy and hasty fear,  
He is! aloud replied the crowd, is here, and here, and here.
- 'He is! They are! in distance seen on yon Olympus high,  
In those Avernian woods abide, and walk this azure sky:  
They are, They are! to every show its eyes the baby turned,  
And blazes sacrificial tall on thousand altars burned;  
They are, They are!—On Sinai's top far seen the lightnings shone,  
The thunder broke, a trumpet spoke, and God said, I am One.
- 'God spake it out, I, God, am One; the unheeding ages ran,  
And baby-thoughts, again, again, have dogged the growing man:  
And as of old from Sinai's top God said that God is One,  
By Science strict so speaks he now to tell us There is None!  
*Earth goes by chemic forces; Heaven's a Mécanique Celeste!*  
*And heart and mind of human kind a watch-work as the rest!*
- 'Is this a Voice, as was the Voice whose speaking spoke abroad,  
When thunder pealed, and mountain reeled, the ancient Truth of God?  
Ah, not the Voice; 'tis but the cloud, the cloud of darkness dense,  
Where image none, nor e'er was seen similitude of sense.  
'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense that wrapt the Mount around;  
With dull amaze the people stays, and doubts the Coming Sound.
- 'Some chosen prophet-soul the while shall dare, sublimely meek,  
Within the shroud of blackest cloud the Deity to seek:  
'Midst atheistic systems dark, and darker hearts' despair,  
That soul has heard his very word, and on the dusky air  
His skirts, as passed he by, to see has strained on their behalf,  
Who on the plain, with dance amain, adore the Golden Calf.
- 'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense; though blank the tale it tells,  
No God, no Truth! yet he in sooth, is there—within it dwells;  
*Within the sceptic darkness deep he dwells that none may see,*  
*Till idol forms and idol thoughts have passed and ceased to be.*  
No God, no Truth! ah though, in sooth, so stand the doctrine's half;  
On Egypt's track return not back, nor own the Golden Calf.
- 'Take better part with manlier heart, thine adult spirit can;  
No God, no Truth, receive it ne'er—believe it ne'er—O Man!  
But turn not then to seek again what first the ill began;  
No God, it saith; ah, wait in faith God's self-completing plan;  
*Receive it not, but leave it not, and wait it out, O Man!*
- 'The man that went the cloud within is gone and vanished quite  
He cometh not, the people cries, nor bringeth God to sight:  
Lo these thy gods, that safety give, adore and keep the feast!  
Deluding and deluded cries the Prophet's brother-Priest:  
And Israel all bows down to fall before the gilded beast.
- 'Derout, indeed! that priestly creed, O Man, reject as sin;  
The clouded hill attend thou still, and him that went within.  
He yet shall bring some worthy thing for waiting souls to see;  
Some sacred word that he hath heard their light and life shall be;  
Some lofty part, than which the heart adopt no nobler can,  
Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe, and thou shalt do, O Man!'



But poetry was not the work and graver occupation of Mr. Clough's life. He performed his duties as tutor, and fulfilled his relations to the student-work of his time; and he evidently had a mind perplexed by its own volitions. He reveals to his poems a nature prompt to look—yet not, we think, morbidly examining the inner springs of his own being. He wrote so little in this way that we can only deeply regret that he wrote no more, and that now he is gone, and we can receive no more. We will bring together a few of these glimpses of his inner life:—

THE HOUSE OF THE HEART AND ITS REVELLERS.

‘— *Roused by importunate knocks*  
*I rose, I turned the key, and let them in,*  
 First one, anon another, and at length  
 In troops they came; for how could I, who once  
 Had let in one, nor looked him in the face,  
 Show scruples e'er again? *So in they came,*  
*A noisy band of revellers,—vain hopes,*  
*Wild fancies, fitful joys; and there they sit*  
*In my heart's holy place, and through the night*  
*Carouse, to leave it when the cold grey dawn*  
*Gleams from the East, to tell me that the time*  
*For watching and for thought bestowed is gone.'*

CONSCIENCE HEARD IN A CROWD.

‘*YEA, and as thought of some beloved friend*  
*By death or distance parted will descend,*  
*Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,*  
*As by a magic screen, the seer from the sight,*  
*(Palsying the nerves that intervene*  
*The eye and central sense between;)*  
*So may the ear,*  
*Hearing, not hear.*  
*Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals ring;*  
*So the bare conscience of the better thing,*  
*Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown,*  
*May fix the entranced soul mid multitudes alone.'*

In this small volume we have more of that watchfulness over the ways of the inner life which gives Wordsworth his wonderful power over those to whom the perusal of that great master is a delight. It is often said that in unconsciousness lies true greatness, and it is most true; yet there is a self-knowledge which is not self-consciousness—an acquaintance with the powers of the soul, with the compartments of the understanding. These poems eminently show this acquaintance, and only leave upon the mind great regret that the author, with such powers of thought and intro-vision, with so marked a disposition to watch the ways and windings of the people of the soul, should have written so little. Still it is not verse that rouses at all to action; nor does it give

much rest to the spirit, or furnish any consolation; it is the poetry of the spirit, standing on the watch-tower of spiritual speculation. Very much of the volume reveals that state in which knowledge mourns over departed health: health lost in the effort to attain; recollections of a state in which,

‘Amidst a jostling throng  
Of deeds, that each and all were wrong,  
The doubting soul, from day to day,  
Uneasy paralytic lay.  
‘Come back again, my olden heart!—  
Ah, fickle spirit and untrue,  
I bade the only guide depart  
Whose faithfulness I surely knew:  
*I said, my heart is all too soft:  
He who would climb and soar aloft,  
Must needs keep ever at his side  
The tonic of a wholesome pride.*  
‘Come back again, my olden heart!  
I said, Perceptions contradict,  
Convictions come, anon depart,  
And but themselves as false convict.  
Assumptions hasty, crude, and vain,  
Full oft to use will Science deign;  
*The corks the novice plies to-day,  
The swimmer soon shall cast away.*’

There is, in truth, throughout the volume, very much of what indeed forms the subject of one of the poems; they are most of them ‘blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised;’ yet there are tones of faith and notes of worship, sounding perhaps only the more clearly because we do so plainly see that the writer has taken up with no mere patent belief, but has wrought his way to a painful recognition of the inner voice and inner light. With the following affecting lines we must close the notice of this most instructive gem of verse. Are there no other nuggets of gold from the same mine, which may be gathered in some casket of a volume?

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

‘As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;  
‘When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side:  
‘E’en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.



- ' At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !
- ' To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
To that, and your own selves, be true.
- ' But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.
- ' One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !  
At last, at last, unite them there !'

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IV.

THE BREAKING OF THE GOLDEN BOWL.\*

THE speculations, the advices, and lectures of physicians are seldom of so popular a character as to be useful reading to the many who have but little time to spare, and who are therefore compelled to seize on broad statements and striking facts. The volumes we mention to our readers are not exceptions to this general rule. They are eminently important. Some of the statements and suggestions cannot be too prominently exhibited, but they have not the popular tone and style which might make them useful. If they could be condensed, and set before men in a few pages, we might have more hope ; and yet, again, what avails to say to the millions of our great cities, and of our over-wrought empire, 'Do thyself no harm' ? Life is consuming itself in fever : as well put the kettle on the fire, and say to it, Now don't boil.

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\* 1. *Lectures on the Germs and Vestiges of Disease, and on the Prevention of the Invasion and Fatality of Disease by Periodical Examinations.* Delivered at the Royal Infirmary for Diseases of the Chest. By Horace Dobell, M.D., Physician to the Infirmary. John Churchill.

2. *Health and Disease, as Influenced by the Daily, Seasonal, and other Cyclical Changes in the Human System.* By Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S., Assistant Physician to the Hospital of Consumption and Diseases of the Chest. Walton & Maberly.

The fire of life burns at fever heat, and thus by its very rapidity consumes itself and wastes away in ashes. That which we mean by health, the unconscious balance of all the animal powers, and their pleasant co-operation and union with all the mental and moral forces, this is now a very rare—a most unhappily and terribly rare—condition of our population. Dr. Dobell quotes from the *Times* newspaper for August 4th, 1858, an extract which we must commend to the most serious attention of our readers, in very nervous language it describes a very fearful condition of a large proportion of our population :—

‘Amid all the dangers that threaten the health of this metropolis, there is a sad certainty more serious than any one of them. . . . . What is it that is worse than a sweating sickness, or a plague, which comes with a bale of Turkish goods, and goes with a Great Fire, which wears itself out, and leaves no record but in story, which old men may describe to wondering grandchildren, and which doctors may now set down as an individual and extinct type of disease? *It is not disease, but it is not health. It is a low state of vitality, of physical power, of mental energy, of enjoyment, and even of moral strength.* A timid parent may ward off every danger from her children only to reserve them for this. While she is afraid of burning sun, drenching rain, wet grass, and sloppy roads, of pistols, sharp knives, flying stones, and deep streams, of rude companions, bad words, and horrid examples, of infection, contagion, fruit-stalls, and maturer seductions,—of everything, in fact, that in one form or another is sure to assail everybody when he steps out of doors and mixes in society, old or young, she is all the time raising a poor, weak, if not absolutely sickly, hot-house plant. He is acquiring no solidity, fibre, or nerve. Mind and body, if he is not positively bad, he is not good for much. Bred without sun and wind, or those social influences which are the sun and wind of the soul, he stagnates, shrinks, droops, and languishes,—retires into himself, or from sheer want of resistance, falls an early prey at his first encounter with the actual world. Now, that is what we have before us in the inevitable fate of this immense population. . . . . It is almost a matter of course in such a *metropolis as ours that, do what we can, all we can promise the great mass is low, feeble, dull health.*’

Now the question is, what is the measure of power which man possesses over his frame, for the conservation of that vital force, which charms the human life from the fatal contact of disease? There is, it is well known, a poisonous and a non-poisonous dose of all poisons. The same substance in the same frame, may kill or may not kill, because, in one case the substance is within the power of the organism to dispose of, and, in the other, it is beyond its power. Dr. Dobell represents the vitalised mode of force by the letters V.M.F. In a healthy state this is high; in an un-

healthy state, low. Under favourable circumstances it is well known the human being may live through injury, through disease, through almost anything, by his own unaided assistance. In other words, there is within the organism of the human frame the power of self-conservation. It has a power to preserve life, but then it is only under certain circumstances; and it is shown also that nearly all forms of disease may terminate in death under certain circumstances. Diseases appear, disappear, re-appear, with very different results; at one time, apparently leaving no loss of life, no damaged part in one person, or at one time in another person, or the same person, at another time destroying life, or leaving some entirely debilitated portion of the frame. Do not such statements and obvious facts lead to the conclusion that this V.M.F., this vital force, may be altered in its attributes of quantity or quality from many causes? Has man power over this alteration, to hasten or to retard its fatal effects? It would seem so. Great is the mystery of life. Life is the gift of God; but, like the other gifts of God, it may be treasured or thrown away. Dr. Dobell lays down a number of canons to which no exception can be taken; but they are true, not only for his own profession, but for everybody. Thus he states the following as the articles of the medical creed:—

- ‘1. That man may be the instrument through whom the invasion and progress of premature destructive changes in the human organism may be prevented or arrested.
- ‘2. That man may be the instrument through whom the damaged organism may be more efficiently repaired.
- ‘3. That man may be the instrument through whom the sufferings of the human being may be alleviated.’

The course of his reasonings lead to these scientific conclusions:—

- ‘1. That the V.M.F. may be altered in quantity and quality by numerous causes.
- ‘2. That these causes may affect either the existing individual, a succeeding generation, or both.
- ‘3. That these causes are—*principally*—the vestiges of disease, existing or *coetaneous diseases*, and the *conditions of life*. By the conditions of life, I mean the circumstances which surround the living being, and which are not confined to, but include the *conditions of existence*.’

The great lesson from the valuable book of Dr. Dobell to the reader and to society, may be conveyed in the injunction, ‘Use your eyes, and *take care*.’ By watchfulness and carefulness man may preserve and treasure up that vital force which may serve him in his hour of extremity. It is with bodily conditions as it is with



commercial. A man may have money enough to serve the necessities of the day; but he shall yet have no credit at the bankers—no private cash-box or exchequer; and if the crash or the panic come then he is a lost and ruined man. Gold is the vital force of trade; if a man goes beyond what he can command of that, sooner or later, bankruptcy overtakes him; that is commercial death. So with health. A man may have enough for to-day; but if some sudden infection seizes him; if some part of the frame, some limb is broken or impaired, it is found that the vital force was only equal to the day's demand; and the frame succumbs, yields, dies. Several persons meet at a funeral; they find themselves together in a damp cemetery on some raw winter's day. The effects may be very various on each. One shall scarcely complain of any ill effects; another shall have a slight cold; another suffer from an attack of rheumatic fever; another, pneumonia: one shall cough up a quantity of blood; another shall have a restless night; another a slight cold in the head. In a few days we shall hear of the death of one; in a year or two of another, who, as we call upon him just before his death, says, 'I know I caught it in that damp cemetery.' Caught what? The others have gone away, and but for the deaths of their relations or friends, have thought no more about it. The reader perceives in these cases of death there was some force within wanting—some resisting shield which might have defended the organisation from the subtle invader. Cases like these are known to us all—are in all our memories. Who has not been shocked by the intelligence of some sudden death? Nay, while we write these lines is not the Royal household in mourning? is not the whole nation in mourning before a death so mysteriously sudden that in many parts of Great Britain the intelligence of the illness and the death must have been conveyed at the same time?

What does the reader say? Idiosyncrasy of the constitution. Well, what does the reader mean by that? Are there then favourable and unfavourable idiosyncracies? Yes, there are; and more, over those very idiosyncracies it is proved man possesses a power of control—a power of creation. The mere use of a word does not explain the difficulty of these sudden deaths. Professor Bernard has described these peculiarities of constitution, 'not as mysterious powers residing in the depths of our organs, nor as novel functions superadded, as it were, to those which already exist.' He says, 'they must be viewed as mere manifestations of the ordinary laws of physiology.' Referring to some experiments of his own upon some rabbits, Professor Bernard says:—

'I discovered that section of large divisions of the sympathetic nerve was apparently unattended with the slightest inconvenience,

as long as the health of these animals (rabbits) remained perfect . . . but as soon as a general debilitation of the system arose from want of proper nourishment, acute inflammation was produced in the organs deprived of nervous influence. We had, therefore, succeeded in artificially creating *particular idiosyncracies* in these animals, and could predict with certainty that, as soon as health failed, disease would arise at a given point. . . . Morbid predispositions must, therefore, be viewed in the light of peculiar physiological conditions.'

This is the important doctrine of Dr. Dobell's book, that diseases loiter and linger in the human constitution in germs and seeds and vestiges; so that in a state of apparent health the health is nevertheless degraded. A multitude of circumstances, on which the writer dwells at length—circumstances which would have been easily detected and discriminated by an accomplished physician—are all like so many murderers behind the arras, waiting with unsheathed dagger, ready for the spring. The victim, unconscious of all, enjoys his pleasure or prosecutes his work; but, as we saw just now, he is exposed to an accidental chill; and thus is developed in some form of acute disease, the lurking danger; and, after a day or two of illness—if so much—lo, sudden death. Sudden! Nature is never sudden. Nature, like her great creator and master, God, comes always with leaden feet; and, alas! nature, like her great creator and master, God, always strikes with iron hands. These are facts of physiology and science, which, like the facts and teachings of religion, may make us 'believe and tremble.'

We have placed the work on the cyclical changes in the human system, by Dr. E. Smith, with that of Dr. Dobell. It, too, is a practical book; but, deeply interesting as it is, it is not so clearly and distinctly practical as the work of Dr. Dobell. Dr. Smith in his work utilises the results of scientific research, and attempts to ascertain in what manner we may use them as guides for daily practice, or as aids in the search for the explanation of well-known phenomena. Extensive observation is made the foundation for generalisations, and from the laws of life are deduced the principles upon which depends the wisdom of life. Dr. Smith meets Dr. Dobell in the doctrine that man does possess the power of producing new idiosyncracies. Social usages change, and with social usages new habits of body, new family ways and manners and customs; and with these again new modes of life, new developments of the V.M.F., the vitalised mode of force, or, which seems more probable, new developments of the L.M.F., the lifeless mode of force. Dr. Smith generalises well, and his generalisations usually harmonise with the more medical analyses instituted by Dr. Dobell. They both point to the same solemn conclusions,—the power man has over himself to



direct or to control not only the laws of health and life, but to direct and to control the idiosyncracies of future generations. Perhaps plague and pestilence are but the illustration of the doctrine taught by the *Times* newspaper—are the abnormal state in which the mass of the community, not being indeed in a state of absolute disease, but assuredly not in a state of health, are lying with low, debilitated, and impaired powers, ready for the final spring of the avenging judgment. What is the cause of the general impairment of the digestive functions. It is true that an alarming degree of this arises from the fact that the blood becomes charged with impurities. Dr. Goodfellow says, speaking, too, upon the authority of many eminent physicians, ‘It is pretty certain that the saliva, the pancreatic juice, the intestinal juice, and even the bile itself, are deprived to some extent of their digestive properties by their admixture with the salts of ammonia.’ The blood becomes deteriorated—wholly vitiated; a chronic state of disease is formed in the system, the germ of death is lodged there, and is transmitted to appear in some alarming conditions in the future generation. Closely connected with this important fact in relation to the human blood is the knowledge that the muscular condition depends upon the state of the blood. Mr. Budge, a German micrographer, has ascertained that the number of fibres in a muscle may be considerably increased under certain circumstances. Marvellous is the force and power of reproduction in the human system, but marvellous as it is, that power, which is the vital force, may be impaired, thrown away; and societies impair and lose their vital force not less than individuals. Dr. Smith says:—

‘808. Dr. Southwood Smith, in his lectures upon epidemics, lays down five conditions as essential to civilisation, and shows how utterly they were set at nought at the period of the “Great Mortality,” and in great part down to the 16th century. These are: Sovereign authority; laws incorruptly administered; physical comfort generally diffused; intellectual development and activity generally diffused; and recognition of the fundamental principles of religion and morality. But at the period in question the king was nearly powerless; the barons were tyrannical; violence, bloodshed, and robbery were universal; two-thirds of the country were moor, forest, or vast swamps; the houses were small and squalid, built of wood, mud, or wattles, and thatched with straw, without chimneys or conveniences; the floors without boards or bricks, and covered with straw or hay, which remained for months saturated with reeking filth; the streets were narrow, tortuous, unpaved, and with uncleansed gutters, and covered with filth and garbage; the towns were surrounded by stinking ditches; there were few fresh vegetables; the meat was eaten salted throughout the winter; the cattle were without store of fodder; the roads throughout the country were



uncared for, and almost impassable; there was a want of fuel amongst the poor, and intemperance and debauchery were almost universal.'

It is very easy to dwell at great length on the social changes which have taken place in our day as compared with preceding days. There is for the multitude little bodily exertion compared with the old times. Travelling has marvellously increased, but the healthy exercise of travelling has greatly diminished. Habits of intemperance have greatly decreased, but there is a terrific compensation in the amount and measure of severe mental excitement. We have altered our hours for retiring to rest and rising altogether. The clothing of the body is less sufficient. The evils of large towns, and the crowding together of large masses of people, has been greatly increased; and the drainage system, while it has removed some evils, has transferred others. The actual temperature of the country has increased, and with this, no doubt, a less quantity of food is taken into the system; the food taken is less nitrogenous, and the struggle of life has become more arduous. These are changes on which Dr. Smith dwells at length. He inquires into the consequences of all these changes at great length; and we may suggest to our readers the question, What is there in all or any of these manifestations to warrant us in arriving at the conclusion of the writer in the *Times*, that we are in danger of developing into a low state of vitality, of physical power, of enjoyment, even of moral strength?

Dr. Dobell's book is a profoundly solemn one, and it is valuable as it is solemn. He closes by pressing the importance of periodical examinations for the purpose of knowing the state of the organism. To the extent and in the manner in which he would apply the examination, with all deference to him, we think it completely impossible; but the power of man over abnormal circumstances, his power over fever, over, as we have said, the idiosyncrasy of health and disease,—all these are thoughts which deserve from every reader the most serious pondering, and therefore we have introduced thus briefly his valuable book to our readers' notice.

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## V.

## HOOPER'S NEW THEORY OF THE APOCALYPSE.\*

SOME apology is due to Mr. Hooper for the length of time which has elapsed between our reception of his interesting volumes and this review of them. Twelve hundred pages, however, upon a new theory of the Apocalypse are not very easily glanced through, nor should we have given to the volumes more than a brief notice, were it not that the theory is itself new, and certainly not only interesting, but plausible. Mr. Hooper is no rationalist; on the contrary, he is not a mere dreamer of dreams; and we are bound to say that he has presented an account of this remarkable book which deserves to rank as among the most apprehensible of the innumerable theories hitherto presented. We have never felt that any objection could be alleged against this book, perhaps the most marvellous in the whole compass of sacred or profane literature, even after allowing considerable truth to the witticism of Dr. South, that 'it either found men mad or left them so.' Probably most earnest students have found with St. Jerome, that 'the Apocalypse has as many mysteries as words,' or have been impelled to say with Henry More, 'There never was any book penned with that artifice as this, as if every word were weighed in a balance before it was set down.' Salmeron says that the 'exposition of the Apocalypse is like the quadrature of the circle, of which we are accustomed to say, that it is knowable, but not yet known.' While another old writer, Peririus, affirms that many were of the opinion that 'the Apocalypse must be altogether incomprehensible without an especial revelation from God.' We have often been inclined to make of the book some such remark as Paley makes of astronomy in his 'Natural Theology.' The midnight heavens do not present the field to which we should conduct that mind we desired to convince of the unity and being of a God; but, that great truth admitted, those heavens would furnish the most magnificent illustrations of the stupendous character of the workings of the infinite mind. So of the Apocalypse. It is not the book to which we should ever conduct the sceptic for the purpose of producing conviction of the Divine revelation of the Scriptures; but that truth once perceived, this book furnishes the most magnificent illustrations of the stupendous character of its plan; and we believe that the method of interpretation pursued by Mr. Hooper,

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\* *The Revelation of Jesus Christ, by John.* Expounded by Francis Bodfield Hooper, Rector of Upton Warren in Worcestershire Author of 'Palmoni,' &c. &c. J. & F. H. Rivington.

whether in all particulars it can be regarded as a perfect key or not, very materially enhances the majesty and the significance of the revelation. In the course of the few succeeding pages, we shall be rather desirous to present the views of the present writer, reserving, it may be, for some future paper the more distinct statement of our own. We must speak of this work as the result of amazing reading, and even painful processes of thought. The writer has printed, in a separate volume of two hundred pages, his 'Guide to the Apocalypse,' but it ought to have been printed also with the two bulky volumes more immediately before us. His principles of interpretation are at a wide distance from all the whims of the hour; and the innumerable attempts made to work upon the feelings and the fears of men by the imaginary adaptation of the events of the daily newspapers to the woes of the vials, and the trumpets, or the scenery of the seals. The important circumstance about the book is its size—nearly twelve hundred closely-printed pages: the author must not suppose that he will be attentively read. We have laboured ourselves with tolerable faithfulness through the work, exemplary, we believe, beyond most reviewers; for we have seen two or three reviews clearly enough misunderstanding the author's meaning and end, and have passed more than one copy on the London book-stalls, evidently enough editorial copies, but not one page cut or read. Yet, we dare to say, that the work is a most interesting contribution to Biblical criticism. As we said, however, its great defect is that it does not sufficiently salute the sense of wonder. We cannot altogether acquit it of the appearance of special pleading sometimes, but never have we the amazing determination manifested by Elliot to make a theory fit at all hazards, nor have we that accommodating *jejunity* with which Dr. Cumming admirably digests and adapts the 'Horæ Apocalyptice' of Elliot to sentimental young ladies, and to valetudinarian old ladies. In Mr. Hooper this is entirely wanting. There is nothing, it must be admitted, to attract in the style; he has, with most magnanimous self-denial, resisted all opportunities to cultivate the painter's magic art, setting himself down deliberately and solely to the task of attempting to see the meaning of the great Patmos Seer. We believe that Mr. Hooper has been pressed upon less by mere fancies, has travelled less into the region of mere arbitrary significancies, than most of his contemporary expositors. Shall we ever have an exposition of the Apocalypse? for 'whoso readeth, let him understand.' Certainly, we seem far off as yet from any understanding. Some men, like those to whom we have referred, quilt and patch their expositions, but we still wait for the expositor. That admirable and thoughtful writer, Alexander Knox, says:—



'Probably I shall not live to see what I am wishing for, but I have not the smallest doubt of its taking place, and that at no very distant period. Some "interpreter, one of a thousand," will come forth and throw so new and so bright a light both upon human nature and upon Scripture, and will so convincingly demonstrate that there is a genuine philosophy (most profound in its principles—most sublime in its results—yet, when laid open, so self-evident as to be irresistible), which is common both to human nature and Holy Scripture, and which constitutes the most exquisite harmony between them, that capable minds (and such are multiplying) will yield themselves to the view thus opened upon them with a fulness of satisfaction, and a completeness of acquiescence, never, as I conceive, till then exemplified. Some pious persons have supposed the probability of a second Pentecost, and that nothing short of this could effect the promised extension of righteousness and peace. I own it strikes me very differently. I believe the full establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom will grow out of the perfect ascendancy of good sense on the one hand (towards which many unprecedented movements of Providence are advancing us), and a right understanding of revealed truth on the other; which blessing, as I said, will, I suppose, appear the result of extraordinary penetration in the mind of the discoverer; nothing very wonderful, except wonderful felicity of discernment, seeming to accompany it. I do not say that the discovery will as expeditiously run over Europe as Galileo's did in his "Sidereus Nuntius;" but most confident I am, that the truth will spring forth, and will be diffused, and will meet a reception worthy of itself, and of the errand on which God has sent it from heaven to earth.'

We wait for the time anxiously, and are thankful to Mr. Hooper if he contributes his quota towards clearing the way for the Apocalyptic light.

Mr. Hooper would be at issue with most expositors even at the outset. Where was the seer when he beheld the vision in Patmos? But 'did the author really intend to lead his readers to believe that he was in Patmos at all, or did he not rather lay the scene of his vision in a locality which would qualify him for being a suitable representative of the Church, as then placed in the midst of an inhospitable and hostile world.' An uninhabited, desolate island, seven miles long, and half a mile broad, with neither brooks nor trees, nor cultivation. Might it not more appropriately describe the isolated wilderness church. Such literal symbolism is not unusual. Ezekiel says:—'So the spirit lifted me up, and took me away, and I went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit; but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me. Then I came to them of the captivity at Tel-abib that dwelt by the river of Chebar, and I sat where they sat, and remained there astonished among them seven days.' So also the

vision of Daniel, in which he was carried in imagination to Shushan and the banks of the river Ulai. In the same spirit of symbolism are we to interpret the seven churches? This would be in harmony with the whole scheme of symbolic representationalism. Why, it is very naturally asked, were these seven churches selected, lying in a small circuit in Asia Minor, while all the rest of the Christian world and the most considerable churches are overlooked; and is it not remarkable that St. Paul wrote to the same number of churches—nay, in one instance, the very symbolical use of the name is pointed out. The church of Pergamos is said to ‘dwell where Satan’s seat is.’ Obviously the seat of Satan is that which the dragon or Satan gave to the beast, the mystical Babylon or Rome; and, in accordance with this interpretation, it may be shown to be probable that St. Peter himself may have been symbolised under the term of the ‘faithful Antipas.’ Our readers have not to be informed that there was great significancy in names. In the names of the seven churches there are not wanting hints of the sign of the qualities with which they were supposed to be endowed. Smyrna is synonymous with myrrh, and the Epistle to Smyrna is full of the fruits of faith. Christ is embalmed, and yet alive in the hearts and affections of his people. Pergamos would denote a citadel, and the idea of the epistle is striving for the faith even unto the death. *Sardis* is almost identical in sound with *sordes*, a proper key-note to an epistle which was to have respect to the ‘few names who had not defiled their garments.’ Philadelphia denotes brotherhood, and, in this epistle, Christ’s love to his brethren, and, by implication, theirs to him, is set forth; and Laodicea, derived from words signifying just, seems to show the people who have gone astray the means by which alone they may be made just before God, and to warn them of the justice the Lord will execute on unbelievers. There is surely no absurdity in the thought, which is as susceptible of more proof than many other more generally received ideas, that the Lord Jesus intended to represent typically the various sections of the Catholic church throughout all times.

There can be but little doubt that very much valuable time has been wasted in attempting to dogmatise very arbitrarily upon the intention of the symbols. Impertinent assumption, which often travels beyond the record, has its creed as distinctly marked by meanings to be attached to the dark symbolical utterances of the Apocalypse and of Daniel as to any other of the dark sayings on the harp. There are some persons who are never perplexed; they can always find a meaning or invent one.

Yet certainly the spiritual wealth of this book is very great. No single portion of the sacred writings is richer in all those sacred

truths which are the stem of doctrine and the vintage of consolation. Here holiest texts abound, gleaming amidst the undefined brilliancy, like stars lighting up with a bright particular lustre the nebulous cloud-land, and our writer brings out with greater distinctness than most expositors that *this is the revelation of Jesus Christ*. He is very eminently and distinctively the centre of this book, and we have often felt there is great beauty in the designation of Christ as the Alpha and Omega, for he is the Word, the Eternal Word, that is, the only means of Divine communication possible: there could be without him no divine language. Hence in this book Christ is presented to view as the high priest, not of the Jewish Church alone, as his garments show, but of the Church of God in and through all ages; and Mr. Hooper considers that this is the revelation of the whole Church under his government from the beginning to the end of time—the seven ages of the past and the course of the two dispensations; it is the Apocalypse, the unveiling of Christ in his character of the one Mediator, the Revealer from the first to the last.

To follow Mr. Hooper through the course of his exposition will be impossible; we can only indicate the more popular and prominent points of it. Among others we may refer to the new view he presents of the stone cut out of the mountain without hands. We cannot present our readers with the varied links of the argument by which, in his painfully learned work, 'Palmoni,'\* he identifies the stone with the ancient Roman empire. It is somewhat remarkable that, regarding all the statements at once of the vision and the inspired seer, it should have been so uniformly identified with the Church of Christ. This stone is described as having smote the image, the symbol of the four (? three) preceding kingdoms, and as having increased until it filled the whole earth. This stone, huge and vast, is, 'as it were, the great mountain burning with fire, cast into the sea,' when the second trumpet sounds; the stone, big as a mill-stone, hurled into the sea by the mighty angel, exclaiming, 'Thus shall Babylon the great city be thrown down, and shall no more be found.' Here Rome is reduced in the symbolization to its original littleness, previous to its final destruction. This is an interesting view, and especially because it harmonises with our author's newer chronological arrangement of the Apocalypse, by harmonising also with the express declaration of the prophet that it should be in the days of the iron kingdom and its unweldable relations, that the God of

\* 'Palmoni; an Essay on the Chronographical and Numerical Systems in use among the Ancient Jews. To which is added an Appendix containing an Examination of the Assyrian, Egyptian, and other Ancient Chronographies.' Longmans.



heaven should set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed. The stone, the hammer of the earth, is the symbol of the iron kingdom, and this view Mr. Hooper thinks is confirmed by the plan of the introduction of Rome upon the Apocalyptic scene, and that of its symbolised destruction.

But what could be the import of the seals? Mr. Hooper has no doubt that the seals represent ages, aions. The mystery of the book is divided into seven ages. We are not going to do so rash a thing as to plead for the exact square of our author's theory. Who ever attempted to elucidate the Apocalypse without becoming—at any rate sometimes—fanciful? Still, let us hear him.

'The Mystery, therefore, is divided into seven Ages. And the first of these has its point of departure at the creation, and the sixth its full goal, that is, that of its boundary-period, incipiently (in a religious point of view) at the birth of Christ, and terminally (in a religious and political aspect) at the second destruction of Jerusalem. The next step, then, is to lay out the intermediate points hypothetically for probation. How shall we proceed? Or, rather, how *did* we proceed? We took up a quarto Bible of the date of 1703, with the view to search its index for the principal epochs. And therein we found a distribution made as follows. "The *first* Age of the World" from the Creation, B.C. 4004, to the Flood, B.C. 2348. "The *second* Age" ends at the Call of Abram, B.C. 1921. "The *third* Age" ends at the Exodus, B.C. 1491. "The *fourth* Age" ends at Solomon's laying the foundation of the Temple, B.C. 1012. "The *fifth* Age" ends at the first or Babylonian destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple. "The *sixth* Age" ends at the birth of Christ, B.C. 4. "The *seventh* Age" is carried as far as the second or Roman destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70. Now, here we found exactly the thing of which we were in search. And in adopting this epochal distribution, it evidently cannot be said that we are following the Præsentists in making an arbitrary selection of periods, according as we can make them square with a preconceived theory. *They* take, at their convenience, a very long or a very short or a moderate duration. They have recourse to retrogressions, and wholly or partially contemporaneous periods. They adopt various devices by which they may expand or contract periods, or magnify or diminish the aspect of events. But we propose to accept such epochs as we find pointed out by some unknown writer, who had no theory to serve when he made his selection. That selection, there can be no question, has been made solely on the principle of taking the critical events of the history,—those which were always regarded as such by Jewish writers.'

Thus, the opening of the sixth seal, instead of being, as Elliot would make it, synchronous with the martyrdoms of the Christian era, on the eve of the ruin of Paganism, is the turning point of all the ages: the last scene of the closing dispensation, the dawn of

the Christian dispensation, it is the picture of that which has decayed, waxed old, and is ready to vanish away. The saints of the last dispensation are sealed, and a new and more numerically illustrious array of the multitude innumerable extends over the dilating vision of the seer, and the angels of the tempests hold in dreadful charge the elements till the sealing angel shall have 'sealed the servants of God on their foreheads.' There is amazing magnificence in this vast vision of the sixth seal; painting and poetry have seized it for their inspiration, while expositors have been bewildered. Amidst its pathetic tones and infinite adumbrations, does it not sound like the toll of the closing age—the opening of the new? In truth, it almost reads like the story of a vanishing world, and thus it has often been regarded—and so it is; but not in the sense in which we usually speak of the departure of the world: there were two ends of the world often confused with each other. Rather was it not to the symbolic representation of that time spoken of by Joel and Peter, when there should be wonders in the heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath, blood, and fire, and vapour of smoke; the day when, as the Lord himself said, the sun should be darkened, and the moon not give her light, and the stars fall from heaven, and the tribes of the earth mourn—words which seem from their context to refer rather to the knell of a closing age or world, than the dissolution of the earth. We have no doubt that, even in apostolic minds, there was a majestic mysteriousness enfolding many of the words they uttered, and involved all times and seasons. We have little doubt, then, that they, like their illustrious prophetic ancestors, 'did not know what or what manner of times the spirit within them signified when it testified to them beforehand.' As we look down the annals of ages we see that God has, from time to time, appeared to the world by a series of catastrophic circumstances,—some of a very special character: the flood broke up one age, the death of Christ broke up another. Let men say what they will of Christ, and admit or deny his Messiahship, it is equally certain that his life, his words, his death broke up the then existing land-marks of nations. Over a large portion of the world, over the whole living world of action and thought, men, since then, have ceased to speak of the age of the world; they speak of time from the life or death of Christ, the year of our Lord. We have no doubt the teachings of the Divine Spirit became, in some measure, indeterminate and undefined to them; perhaps, too, we do them some injustice by making them, through our translation, speak of the termination of the world, when the Divine Spirit had intended to convey the termination of the age and dispensation. We are not surprised at this: we are no more surprised at this than at the undefined



certainly which invests our own mortality. 'The coming of the Lord draweth nigh;' that is always true, while the advance of the age upon its catastrophe and consummation is, no doubt, preceded by an anxious indistinctiveness in men; it was so in the apostles' day, they all seem to have been impressed by it. Paul gives us his impressions in many burning words. Peter saw the dissolving heavens and earth. John beheld all the mystery and glory of the vials and the seals; he heard the thunders uttering their voices. No doubt much of the unhealthy curiosity—the fever of the restless state of some of our modern churches, was alive then. Among the early Christians were multitudes gathering together and inquiring—even as now we hear of the wonderful exploits of the searchers into prophetic seasons gathering together—some almost think with ludicrous and solemn impertinence—around the drawing table, to inquire when this vial will be poured out, when that seal will be opened, when the trumpet will sound, and whether a real trumpet shall be inflated with our atmosphere. Referring to the impressions of the writers of the New Testament, Mr. Hooper says:—

*All the other Evangelists and Apostles teach the same doctrine in reference to the coming of Christ: and nothing can be more certain than that they understood him to mean, that he would come in that generation. The narratives which three of them (Mat. xxiii. 34; xxiv.; Mark xiii.; Luke xvii. 20—37; xxi.) give of His predictions relating to the destruction of Jerusalem can leave no doubt on this point in the mind of any one, who has not a theory to support by their help. Luke relates that they asked him these questions: "When shall these things be?" and, "What the sign when these things are about to take place?" Mark varies the last thus: "What the sign, when all these things shall be about to receive a full accomplishment?" And Matthew thus: "What the sign of thy coming and of the end of the aion?" It is the constant practice of expositors to make out that either two or three questions relating to distinct things were asked, and that to these the Lord replied jointly or consecutively. This is the basis on which all false expositions are framed, and when its unsoundness is shown, they must fall to pieces. Now, it is most clear, that the questions resolve themselves, in respect of their subject-matter, into one. For, the "things" spoken of in each question are the same. The differences that exist in the mode of stating the second merely amount to this,—that Mark's method is more comprehensive and determinate than Luke's, and that Matthew's, instead of being generic is specific, that is, he explains what was meant by "the things." And from his explanation we gather, that the disciples understood their Master to mean (as a matter of course) that, when there should not be left one stone of the Temple upon another, his coming and the end of the aion would have arrived,—in fact, that this destruction and this end*



would be the consequence of his coming. Hence, it clearly appears that, as the advent of Christ and the end of the age were assumed to synchronise with the destruction of the Temple, these two events must be synchronous with one another.'

Mr. Hooper will be charged with Apocalyptic heresy again in his exposition of the twelfth chapter. The illustrious woman clothed with the sun is the Church of the law; the man-child is not Constantine, or the believing children of God, but Christ himself, born of a woman, made under the law, now 'highly exalted,' caught up to God while the Church lives in the wilderness still. Whatever may be the Divine intention of the symbol, it cannot be doubted that Mr. Hooper's exposition is the most glorious, consolatory, and dignified. Nay, the exposition is easy as a description of the Church and its trials, it is most illustrious and consolatory as a description of Christ. The imagery and symbolism bears thought; but this, which on any other scheme of interpretation has usually been regarded as an episode almost out of place, regarded from this point of view is strikingly and singularly beautiful.

And then the Lamb! Some have doubted whether John the Evangelist is to be regarded as the author of the Apocalypse; but there are some hints of his authorship in connection with the divine ascription to the Lamb. To the seer, the anthem of heaven, perpetuates the story of earth; the meaning, the mystery, the majesty of every Jewish sacrifice is beheld complete, speaking to the heart, speaking to the eye. The lamb, consumed to ashes on the altar, has undergone a marvellous resurrection. 'Caught up of God into heaven,' 'I looked, and behold a lamb stood on Mount Zion, as it had been slain,' bearing the marks of cruelty and blood; for ever present and for ever potent. Wondrous is that glorious beauty in the scars of the lamb; wondrous the thought that the moral position of the Saviour in eternity is decided by the indignities of time. On Mount Zion, elevated and hymned, and suffused with the golden light of the eternal hills, and surrounded by the palms and the multitudes of the redeemed; '*for thou wast slain.*' The height of the majesty is proportioned to the depth and endurance of the misery. The highest extreme of heavenly glory grows out of the lowest extreme of earthly malignity; there is an immediate relation between the elevation on the Mount and the elevation on the altar. '*Worthy, for thou wast slain.*' Many persons have objected to the vision and the inscription; the intense sensuousness of the scenery. It is a lamb beheld on Mount Zion. It is a lamb to whom the adoration ascends. To us we will confess it is amazingly expressive and affecting. Consider the Jewish ancestries and education and

theology of the Apostle John. It is to his Gospel we are indebted for the first clear identification of the Lord our Saviour, the Giver of Life, with the Lamb. It is in the first chapter of his Gospel that distinct recognition takes place: 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' The conception of the nature of Jewish sacrifice opened to his mind. There are many intimations of this scattered through that Gospel; he thought of all the blood-sheddings of that old covenant. Well can we conceive his mind lingering over each relation, each altar flame, each priestly sacrifice on the Day of Atonement, the innocent victim and the uplifted knife, till the cross and passion of his beloved Master and Friend and Redeemer mystically mingled with the altar of the tabernacle and the temple. Every lamb of the long-gone thousands of years, of all the aions and the centuries, became as one in his eye. He thought as a Jew; he thought and spoke as became a seer for Jews. The victim became the victor, the lamb became the King: 'I looked, and behold a lamb stood on Mount Zion as it had been slain.' A revelation in that hour was made to him of the worthlessness of every other sacrifice, the folly of looking to any other blood-shedding—to any other lamb. He saw rolling away in the distance of the ages the incense and the smoke of a million sacrificial flames, while with immense and infinite meaning came forth to his heart, interpreted to his ear, the mighty and the matchless melody of the hundred and forty and four thousand of the sealed ones of the Lamb: '*Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain.*' Indeed we are not unaware of that exposition which beholds the Lamb as the ever-crucified Church—Christ ever crucified in his members, as he himself said, '*Ye did it unto me;*' and we may idealise and even realise the martyrology of the cross. As we step down through the ages, we behold all the torment and the torture; as we pass through the forests of the crosses; as the heavens all around become ruddy with the fires of countless stakes; as the long procession of the saints sweeps on; as the dungeons become crowded and foetid with the imprisoned band; as the myriads of the inventive engines of cruelty multiply; as men and women cast their plaintive and piteous and tearful eyes to Heaven: we may behold in all renewed our Lord's suffering; and remembering how they fill up what remains of the suffering of Christ, exclaim, '*Thou wast slain!*' But this ascription to the Church only becomes potent in the highest sense when it is the Church's ascription to the Saviour. Each woe finds its emollient in his deeper woe. Poor were the consolation, and most miserable, which could behold in the Lamb slain on Mount Zion only the idealisation of the suffering Church.

But we are forgetting Mr. Hooper, and more, we are forgetting our



own limited space. We must not surely ourselves begin expounding the book. We could have wished to have said several other things, especially of the book with its seven seals, the great book of time and Providence—without Christ and Christianity, an unsolved and unsolvable problem—inexplicable and inscrutable book, clasped with the hasps of ages; the wonderful and the awful book, the beautiful and terrible mystery of time; time, the grey-beard and the dotard, striding through the world with his chalice of years, till the dispensation of fulness shall come, the chalice brimming, and all things gathered into one in Christ—things in earth, and things in heaven. Cheerfully could we have kept Mr. Hooper company a little longer, and have listened while the thunders uttered their voices, while the trumpets shattered the air with their woes, and the vials emptied themselves of their wrath; the beasts of the desert and the sea, the reptiles of the pit, the mystic harlot and the mystic Babylon, the cloud and the music, the noise of the waters, and the ineffable beauty of the ransomed's song, the sea of glass mingled with fire, and the multitudes of the saved, and the doom of the lost; but we must close. We have had from Mr. Hooper much pleasure and instruction, although we have not been able at all times to find our reading of the marvellous book in harmony with his. His book is thought out, it treads in no merely beaten path, it shows a vast range of reading, it contains things old and new. Certainly, whoever studies the Apocalypse, cannot have done so thoroughly, unless he has attentively read the bulky volumes of Mr. Hooper; but to read is no pleasant sport, unless the reader is accustomed to fish in those Apocalyptic seas.

Mr. Hooper's synoptical interpretation of the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, is very ingenious and beautiful, and we think must commend itself to the mind of the candid reader, as a very practical development of the Church on earth.

'This appears to symbolise the Church of God in that state of perfection, to which it will ultimately attain, and on its progress towards which it entered at the Reformation. If so, it will necessarily be implied, that the interval between the states depicted in the prelude and the *tableau* will be one of progress towards perfection. I think it will be most convenient to present my summary view of this symbolisation in the following tabular form.

1. INTRODUCTORY: (ve. 10).

The bride, new Jeru- = *the purified Church of Christ.*  
salem.

2. GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR (11-17).

(1). Her brilliancy as = *the special presence of God and the Lamb,*  
a luminary (11) *manifested in sanctification by the Spirit.*



- (2). Her walls, "great = *the protection of a system of sound doctrines and discipline.*" (12)
- (3). Her gates the 12 = *THE LAW, excluding self-righteous sinners, and admitting those to whom Christ opens.* patriarchs (12)
- (4). The gatekeepers, = *Christ, who alone can open the gates, which the Law shuts.* 12 angels (12)
- (5). Equal distribution = *equal admission to all from every quarter.* of the gates (13)
- (6). Foundation, the = *THE GOSPEL, i.e., the fundamental doctrines of the faith, as taught by the apostles.* 12 apostles (14)
- (7). The measuring = *an exhibition of the symmetry, immensity, and admeasurement of durability, and completeness of the whole.* the city and her wall (15-17)

3 DETAILS OF THE STRUCTURE, WITHIN AND WITHOUT (18-23).

- (1). The superstruc- = *excellence of the Church's doctrine and*  
ture of the wall, jasper, *discipline in their entirety.* (18)
- (2). The interior of = *excellence of internal arrangements, or*  
the city, gold (18) *of the character of her members.*
- (3). The 12 founda- = *excellence of the fundamental truths, on*  
tion - stones, precious *which the Church is built, as well when*  
stones (19-20) *viewed separately, as when regarded in*  
*their combined effect.*
- (4). The 12 gates, 12 = *inasmuch as they are all alike, uniformity*  
pearls (21) *of admission; inasmuch as they are all*  
*pearls, the want of "glory" in the Law as*  
*compared with the Gospel.*
- (5). The street, gold = *the way of the saints is "the way of up-*  
(21) *rightness."*
- (6). The temple, none = *communion and oneness with the Father,*  
save God (22) *through the Son, without mediating priests.*
- (7). Her light, God = *Divine guidance by providence and grace.*  
and the Lamb (23)

4. EXTERNAL RELATIONS OF THE CITY (24-27).

- (1). To heathen na- = *"A light to lighten the Gentiles," like*  
tions a light (24) *her Lord.*
- (2). Kings render their = *"Kings shall be thy nursing fathers."*  
glory (24)
- (3). Gates never locked = *free admission always to all, whom Christ,*  
by day (25) *the gatekeeper, recognises as friends.*
- (4). No night there = *no time when any will be excluded, or no*  
(25) *time when enemies can covertly assail.*
- (5). Her tribute, the = *the Church is a "praise upon earth."*  
honour of the nations  
(26)

(6). What may not = *anything unholy*.  
enter (27)

(7). Who may enter = *the elect*.  
(27)

5. HER SUPPLY OF WATER, a river from the throne, (xxii. 1) = *eternal life in Christ, open to all*.

6. HER SUPPLY OF FOOD, trees ever yielding fruit and leaves (2) = *various and neverfailing means of grace, appropriate to the converted and the unconverted, and made efficacious by the Spirit*.

7. HER INHABITANTS, their blessed state (3-5) = *Free from curse: enjoy the perpetual presence of God: intimate communion with him: no dark cloud of doubt or alienation intercepts the light of his countenance: they will reign in glory for ever*.

'It will be seen, that three of the divisions of the heptad are severally divisible into seven parts.

'As a last word, before taking leave of the final scene in the Apocalyptic Vision, let me quote two passages from Stuart's concluding remarks in reference to C's XX-XXII. 5. "I cannot therefore doubt," he says, "that the setting sun of the Church on earth is to be in a heaven of unclouded splendour. Peaceful and triumphant will be her latest age. The number of the redeemed will be augmented beyond all computation; and the promise made from the beginning, that 'the Seed of the woman should bruise the Serpent's head,' will be fulfilled in all its extent, and with a divine plenitude of meaning. Is there not in every breast a kind of necessary anticipation, that such will be the triumphs of redeeming love and mercy?" . . . "No Eden can present any more than a faint resemblance of the picture which the writer has drawn. The understanding and pious reader closes the book with admiration, with wonder, with delight, with lofty anticipations of the future, and with undaunted resolution to follow on in the steps of those who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises, and entered into everlasting rest."

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## VI.

## KING COTTON OUT AT ELBOWS.\*

**I**S the testimony of this book true? Is the witness true? We are not aware that the veracity of either has been called in question. If true, and we believe it is true, then this document is one of the most astonishing and disgusting records ever produced. Here are people who ludicrously lay claim to the urbanities of civilisation, while the whole of society seems such that it would disgrace a robber's cave. Society in the South has all the vices of the wild and savage state without its virtues, the cunning of the savage without his bravery, his ferocity without his generosity. The book is written with singular ability and humour. The descriptions, both human and scenic, are worthy of the pen of Dickens. Indeed this pleasant book reads like the travels of Mark Tapley and Martin Chuzzlewit, and we do all honour to our author that he was able to keep himself, like his eminent predecessor in the wilds of Eden, 'jolly,' under such circumstances. They bring the whole of the ground, over which the author and the reader move, vividly before the eye; and we must say that Mr. Olmsted met with a larger and more expansive variety of that peculiar kind of animal called blackguard and scoundrel than we have ever found in the course of our reading; we will not say in the 'Tales of Travellers,' but we will not except the 'Newgate Calendar.' Talk of the dark ages! well, they none of them in all their years seem to darken down with the blackness of that barbarism of the South, where the everlasting lash resounds, where not unfrequently the stake rises, and the mild feelings of the planters are kindled to a more than ordinary excitement by the burning or roasting alive of a negro. The ancient serf in feudal days had no such damning brand burnt in on his destiny; nay, in the army or the church, the very meanest might sometimes rise to distinction, but the Slave States wall up the negro beyond the possibility of emancipation. His master may even take possession of the money he has saved to purchase his freedom. Such things have often been. Hunted by bloodhounds, without a social right or place; marriage in many places forbidden, in all a mockery; the children not the children of the parent, but the master. What a record for the nineteenth century!

'Cotton is King.' We have heard that same truth repeated tolerably loudly; and frequently Cotton is a very blustering

\* *Journeys and Explorations in the Cotton Kingdom. A Traveller's Observations on Cotton and Slavery in the American Slave States. By Frederick Law Olmsted. In 2 vols. Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1861.*



sovereign too. The triumphant and bullying words of Governor Hammond, addressed to the Senate of the United States, March 4th, 1858, are very well known :—

“No! you dare not make war upon cotton; no power on earth dares to make war upon it. *Cotton is king; until lately the Bank of England was king*; but she tried to put her screws, as usual, the fall before last, on the cotton crop, and was utterly vanquished. The last power has been conquered: who can doubt, that has looked at recent events, *that cotton is supreme?*”

We are by no means certain that ‘Cotton is King.’ One of the kings of commerce, no doubt, but there are other sovereigns; nor is it at all necessary that even the kingdom of cotton should be limited to the Southern States of America. Surely we have had clear ideas upon the utterly wretched commercial character of the Southern States; but Mr. Olmsted presents a picture of moral degradation and wretchedness, terrible and most effective, from the close grouping together of all the parts and impressions of the picture. Mr. Helper’s ‘Impending Crisis of the South’\* has prepared us for many of the statements; but in Mr. Olmsted’s book the facts take fire, the institution of domestic slavery rises like some monstrous temple of iniquity, the facts blazing through the windows with horrible and infernal glare, bringing out into horrible distinctness the sacrifices, the victims, the crimes, and the cruelties of the abomination that maketh desolate. Mr. Helper indeed proves that ‘the annual hay crop of the Free States is worth considerably more in dollars and cents than all the cotton, tobacco, rice, hay, hemp, and cane sugar, annually produced in the fifteen Slave States.’ All the old effrontery with which the enemies of free institutions extol the agricultural achievements of slave labour returns now, while, with stale and most senseless harangues, it is declared that Cotton is king. Poor, shabby, threadbare king! A dissipated prince, without an income, and with such decidedly bad habits, that king he certainly will in no sense be long. ‘The soil itself,’ eloquently says Mr. Helper, ‘sickens and dies beneath the tread of the slave.’ So it has ever been, so will it ever be. Nations that know not their Lord’s will, may receive the mercy of help and guidance from Him who winks at the time of a nation’s darkness? But who hath hardened the heart against God’s laws, and hath prospered? Speaking of the commercial consequences of slavery, Mr. Helper has very cleverly, we believe, truly parodied a well-known witty passage of Sydney Smith’s on taxation in England :—

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\* ‘The Impending Crisis of the South: How to meet it.’ By Hinton R. Helper, of North Carolina. 100th Thousand. Sampson Low, Son & Co.

‘The North is the Mecca of our merchants, and to it they must and do make two pilgrimages per annum—one in the spring and one in the fall. All our commercial, mechanical, manufactural, and literary supplies come from there. We want Bibles, brooms, buckets, and books, and we go to the North; we want pens, ink, paper, wafers, and envelopes, and we go to the North; we want shoes, hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, and pocket-knives, and we go to the North; we want furniture, crockery, glassware, and pianos, and we go to the North; we want toys, primers, school-books, fashionable apparel, machinery, medicine, tombstones, and a thousand other things, and we go to the North for them all. Instead of keeping our money in circulation at home, by patronising our own mechanics, manufacturers, and labourers, we send it all away to the North, and there it remains; it never falls into our hands again.

‘In one way or another we are more or less subservient to the North every day of our lives. In infancy we are swaddled in Northern muslin; in childhood we are humoured with Northern gewgaws; in youth we are instructed out of Northern books; at the age of maturity we sow our “wild oats” on Northern soil; in middle-life we exhaust our wealth, energies, and talents in the dishonourable vocation of entailing our dependence on our children and on our children’s children, and, to the neglect of our own interests and the interests of those around us, in giving aid and succour to every department of Northern power; in the decline of life we remedy our eye-sight with Northern spectacles, and support our infirmities with Northern canes; in old age we are drugged with Northern physic; and finally, when we die, our inanimate bodies, shrouded in Northern cambric, are stretched upon the bier, borne to the grave in a Northern carriage, entombed with a Northern spade, and memorised with a Northern slab!’

Perhaps, too, our readers may remember a passage from the pen of Ralph Waldo Emerson:—

‘We sympathise very tenderly here with the poor aggrieved planter, of whom so many unpleasant things are said; but if we saw the whip applied to old men, to tender women; and, undeniably, though I shrink to say so—pregnant women set in the treadmill for refusing to work, when, not they, but the eternal law of animal nature refused to work: if we saw men’s backs flayed with cowhides, and “hot rum poured on, superinduced with brine or pickle, rubbed in with a cornhusk, in the scorching heat of the sun;”—if we saw the runaways hunted with bloodhounds into swamps and hills; and, in cases of passion, a planter throwing his negro into a copper of boiling cane juice—if we saw these things with eyes, we too should wince. They are not pleasant sights. The blood is moral, the blood is anti-slavery, it runs cold in the veins: the stomach rises with disgust, and curses slavery.”’

Well! Mr. Olmsted’s books bring these entertaining little incidents near to us. We have little occasion to feel any



emotions of interest in, or respect for, the Northern States ; but we pray earnestly that God may avert from us the great calamity of finding ourselves striking hands with Southern slavery. Dreadful it would be to find ourselves at war ; but to find ourselves at war in such an alliance, surely would be the crowning disgrace to our banners or our fleets. It is said misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, and in the history of the world there have been strange brothers in arms. But Great Britain and the Southern States of America ! Then, indeed, would be realised upon a very extensive scale Falstaff's ragged regiment :—' You would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me that I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.'

Funny circumstances pop up in these pages too ; funny, ludicrous, horribly ludicrous, infernally funny. Did our readers ever hear of a disease called *Drapitomania* ? No ! Well, it is a disease peculiar to negroes ; its phenomena have been described by one Dr. Cartwright, and it *manifests itself in an irrestrainable propensity to run away* ! Benevolent Dr. Cartwright, a physician of the South, has written a treatise upon this droll disease. Pundit Cartwright thinks, by proper medical treatment, ' this troublesome practice of running away, that many negroes have, can be almost entirely prevented ; ' a very curious disease this. The learned Cartwright says, that ' some of its peculiar phenomena are, that before negroes run away, unless they are panic-struck or frightened, they become sulky and dissatisfied. Now the cause of this dissatisfaction should be inquired into and removed, or they are apt to fall into negro consumption.' Well ! and what does the admirable doctor think will be the best means of cure after this inquiry ? Why, flogging ! Flogging is the cure for Drapitomania. Flogging, says the doctor. ' Whipping them out of it ; whipping the devil out of them,' as the mighty master of medicine eloquently observes. Ah ! what a fellow this negro is. He is subject, says the doctor, to another disease, *Dysæsthesia*, that is, dull or obtuse sensation. *Ætheopica* he calls this complaint. It seems in this disease the poor sufferer will break his tools, slight his work, and become stupid, ' till roused from sloth by the stimulus of hunger ; then,' oh, marvel of marvels ! ' he takes anything he can lay his hands on ; he tramples on the rights as well as on the property of others with perfect indifference.' There is another disease to which the negro is subject, *Nostalgia*—longing for home. This often turns to another



### *The Institution !!*

complaint to which he frequently falls a victim, and which is given to us in tolerably plain English—this is, congestion of the lungs. Poor negro has a heart to feel, a mind with dumb and inexpressible instincts that can brood, can rouse him occasionally from apathy to seek in flight a refuge from his wrongs. Perhaps this scientific jargon of the doctor does more to reveal the utter degradation of slavery than any other fact we have heard of. Miserable and mournful to find even pedantic heartlessness clothing the emotions of humanity in uncouth scientific phraseology, and libelling the very symptoms of a moral nature as poison. Shocking to find the cruel whip prescribed as a medical remedy. Does not every reader ejaculate to the heartlessness and cruelty of this most learned ass? ‘God do so to him, and more also,’ Amen. Poor things! Some of these chattels have considerable, and altogether remarkable values attached to them, as pieces of property. In Louisiana many of the coloured women speak French, Spanish, and English, as their customers demanded. And here is an advertisement from the *New Orleans Picayune*:—

“FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, about two months ago, a bright mulatto girl, named Mary, about twenty-five years of age, almost white, and reddish hair, front teeth out, a cut on her upper lip; about five feet five inches high; has a scar on her forehead; she passes for free; talks *French, Italian, Dutch, English, and Spanish*.

“ANDRE GRASSO.

“Upper side of St. Mary’s Market.”

And sometimes the poor creatures, and often, are quite white. A girl was pointed out:—

“*That one is pure white; you see her hair?*” (It was straight and sandy.) “*She is the only one we have got.*” *It was not uncommon, he said, to see slaves so white that they could not be easily distinguished from pure-blooded whites. He had never been on a plantation before that had not more than one on it.* “Now,” said I, “if that girl should dress herself well, and run away, would she be suspected of being a slave?” (I could see nothing myself by which to distinguish her, as she passed, from an ordinary poor white girl.)

“Oh, yes; you might not know her if she got to the North, but any of us would know her.”

Some of our bilious temperaments would be in danger in the South. Our readers remember, perhaps, that even Daniel Webster himself, a very dark man, was arrested for an escaped slave. Served him right. Pity it did not convert him. Mr. Olmsted heard some pretty confessions in the course

of his journeys with reference to the treatment of slaves. After some disgusting statements made by a gentleman, of his general treatment of his slaves when they ran away from him, or when they were ill—

‘But the same gentleman admitted that he had sometimes been mistaken, and had made men go to work when they afterwards proved to be really ill; therefore, when one of his people told him he was not able to work, he usually thought, “Very likely he’ll be all the better for a day’s rest, whether he’s really ill or not,” and would let him off without being particular in his examination. Lately he had been getting a new overseer, and when he was engaging him, he told him that this was his way. The overseer replied, “It’s my way, too, now; it didn’t use to be, but I had a lesson. There was a nigger one day at Mr. —’s who was sulky and complaining; he said he couldn’t work. I looked at his tongue, and it was right clean, and I thought it was nothing but damned sulkiness, so I paddled him, and made him go to work; but two days after, he was under ground. He was a good eight hundred dollar nigger, and it was a lesson to me about taming possums, that I ain’t a going to forget in a hurry.”

We could devote much space to extracts from these interesting volumes. We have the story of Joseph Church, who belonged as property to a Church in one of the inland counties, and was hired out by his master from the trustees. Happy church, blessed ministry. So sustained, what a cheering thought for the happy negro that thus he was strengthening Zion and building the walls of Jerusalem. Hunting negroes is a good and healthy sport in those fine young States. “I suppose,” said a tradesman, to Mr. Olmsted—

“‘T would seem kind o’ barbarous to you to see a pack of hounds after a human being?”

“Yes, it would.”

“Some fellows take as much delight in it as in runnin’ a fox. Always seemed to me a kind o’ barbarous sport.” [A pause.] “It’s necessary, though.”

“I suppose it is. Slavery is a custom of society which has come to us from a barbarous people, and, naturally, barbarous practices have to be employed to maintain it.”

“Yes, I s’pose that’s so. But niggers is generally pretty well treated, considering. Some people work their niggers too hard, that’s a fact.”

Here is a telling advertisement:—

‘The newspapers of the South-western States frequently contain

advertisements similar to the following, which is taken from the *West Tennessee Democrat* :—

“**BLOOD-HOUNDS.**—I have TWO of the FINEST DOGS for CATCHING NEGROES in the South-west. They can take the trail TWELVE HOURS after the NEGRO HAS PASSED, and catch him with ease. I live just four miles south-west of Boliver, on the road leading from Boliver to Whitesville. I am ready at all times to catch runaway negroes.—March 2, 1853.

“**DAVID TURNER.**”

Here is an account of a method adopted for preventing a negro from running away :—

“I wouldn’t have a nigger in my house that I was afraid to set to work, at anything I wanted him to do, at any time. They’d hired him out to go to a new place next Thursday, and they were afraid if they didn’t treat him well, he’d run away. If I couldn’t break a nigger of running away, I wouldn’t have him any how.”

“I can tell you how you can break a nigger of running away, certain,” said another. “There was an old fellow I used to know in Georgia, that always cured his so. If a nigger ran away, when he caught him, he would bind his knee over a log, and fasten him so he couldn’t stir ; then he’d take a pair of pincers and pull one of his toe-nails out by the roots ; and tell him that if he ever run away again, he would pull out two of them, and if he run away again after that, he told them he would pull out four of them, and so on, doubling each time. He never had to do it more than twice—it always cured them.”

The volumes abound with incidents belonging to the same order as the following :—

‘*Houston.*—We were sitting on the gallery of the hotel. A tall, jet black negro came up, leading by a rope a downcast mulatto, whose hands were lashed by a cord to his waist, and whose face was horribly cut, and dripping with blood. The wounded man crouched and leaned for support against one of the columns of the gallery—faint and sick.

“What’s the matter with that boy ?” asked a smoking lounge.

“I run a fork into his face,” answered the negro.

“What are his hands tied for ?”

“He’s a runaway, sir.”

“Did you catch him ?”

“Yes, sir. He was hiding in the hay-loft, and when I went up to throw some hay to the horses, I pushed the fork down into the mow and it struck something hard. I didn’t know what it was, and I pushed hard, and gave it a turn, and then he hollered, and I took it out.”

“What do you bring him here for ?”

“Come for the key of the jail, sir, to lock him up.”



“What!” said another, “one darkey catch another darkey? Don’t believe that story.”

“Oh yes, mass’r, I tell for true. He was down in our hay-loft, and so you see when I stab him, I *have to catch him*.”

“Why, he’s hurt bad, isn’t he?”

“Yes, he says I pushed through the bones.”

“Whose nigger is he?”

“He says he belong to Mass’r Frost, sir, on the Brazos.”

The key was soon brought, and the negro led the mulatto away to jail. He walked away limping, crouching, and writhing, as if he had received other injuries than those on his face. The bystanders remarked that the negro had not probably told the whole story.

‘We afterwards happened to see a gentleman on horseback, and smoking, leading by a long rope through the deep mud, out into the country, the poor mulatto, still limping and crouching, his hands manacled, and his arms pinioned.’

Like all persons who have not moral habits or character, the Southerners are full of high-flown sentiment. Here is an extract from an address by Chancellor Harper, prepared for and read before the Society for the Advancement of Learning of South Carolina. Our readers will hear the hollowness of the humbug in every letter:—

‘I have said the tendency of our institution is to elevate the female character as well as that of the other sex, for similar reasons.

‘And, permit me to say, that this elevation of the female character is no less important and essential to us than the moral and intellectual cultivation of the other sex. It would, indeed, be intolerable, if, when one class of society is necessarily degraded in this respect, no compensation were made by the superior elevation and purity of the other. Not only essential purity of conduct, but the utmost purity of manners. And, I will add, though it may incur the formidable charge of affectation or prudery, *a greater severity of decorum than is required elsewhere, is necessary among us*. Always should be strenuously resisted the attempts, which have sometimes been made, to introduce among us the freedom of foreign European, and especially of continental manners. *Let us say: we will not have the manners of South Carolina changed.*’

By all means let South Carolina keep its manners to itself. We believe there is no region on earth, however, where they might not be bartered for the better. Perhaps our readers will think we ought to apologise to them for introducing some illustrations of South Carolinian manners:—

‘The familiar use of Scripture expressions by the negroes I have already indicated. This is not confined to them. A dram-seller advertises thus:—

“FAITH WITHOUT WORKS IS DEAD.”

‘IN order to engage in a more “honourable” business, I offer for sale, cheap for cash, my stock of

LIQUORS, BAR-FIXTURES, BILLIARD TABLE, ETC. ETC.

If not sold privately, by the 20th day of May, I will sell the same at public auction. “Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.”

‘E. KEYSER.’

‘At a Sunday dinner-table, at a village inn in Virginia, two or three men had taken seats with me, who had, as they said, “been to the preachin’.” A child had been baptized, and the discourse had been a defence of infant baptism.

“‘I’m damned,” said one, “ef he tetched on the primary significance of baptism, at all—buryin’ with Jesus.”

“‘They wus the weakest arguments for sprinklin’ that ever I heerd,” said another—a hot, red-faced corpulent man—“and his sermon was two hours long, for when he stopped I looked at my watch. I thought it should be a lesson to me, for I couldn’t help going to sleep. Says I to Uncle John, says I—he sot next to me, and I whispered to him—says I, ‘When he gits to Bunker Hill, you wake me up,’ for I see he was bound to go clean back to the beginnin’ of things.”’

Mr. Olmsted intimates that the popular report of Southern hospitality is a mere popular romance—a myth; the wealthy, even in the most remote districts, refuse a night’s entertainment. Even under circumstances which render farther progress perilous, hospitality seems to be given only in return to a very special letter of introduction, or in return for favours already bestowed. The following story is good:—

‘Once, while in company with a foreign naturalist—a titled man—he had been dining at the inn of a small country town, when a certain locally-distinguished judge had seen fit to be eloquent at the dinner-table upon the advantages of slavery in maintaining a class of “high-toned gentlemen,” referring especially to the proverbial hospitality of Southern plantations, which he described as quite a bewilderment to strangers, and nothing like which was to be found in any country unblest with slavery, or institutions equivalent to it. It so happened that the following night the travellers, on approaching a plantation mansion in quest of lodging, were surprised to find that they had fallen upon the residence of this same judge, who recognised them, and welcomed them, and bade them be at home. Embarrassed by a recollection of his discourse of hospitality, it was with some difficulty that one of them, when they were taking leave next morning, brought himself to inquire what he might pay for the

entertainment they had received. He was at once relieved by the judge's prompt response, "Dollar and a quarter a-piece, I reckon."

Dollar and a quarter a-piece the prompt and everlasting demand.

It is very curious to note how slavery, which insists upon putting all things to rights, insists upon rectifying English literature. Among other things, unfortunately, the Slave States produce no literature. De Bow's *Review* remarks very plaintively, that *Wayland's Moral Science* contains a chapter on slavery heretical and unscriptural. The following are pleasant passages from this review :—

'But need I add more to convince the sceptical of the necessity there is for the production of our own text-books, and, may I not add, our own literature? Why should the land of domestic servitude be less productive in the great works of the mind now than when Homer evoked the arts, poetry, and eloquence into existence? Moses wrote the Genesis of Creation, the Exodus of Israel, and the laws of mankind? and when Cicero, Virgil, Horace, St. John, and St. Paul became the instructors of the world? . . . They will want no cut-throat literature, no firebrand moral science . . . nor Appleton's *Complete Atlas*, to encourage crimes that would blanch the cheek of a pirate, nor any of the ulcerous and polluting agencies issuing from the hot-beds of abolition fanaticism.'

Speaking of the dangerous influence of some of the Readers, Speakers, and other volumes of popular literature, the same delightful writer remarks :—

'*The sickly sentimentality of the poet Cowper*, whose ear became "so pained," and his soul "sick with every day's report of wrong and outrage," that it made him cry out in agony for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," where he might commune with howling wolves and panthers on the blessings of *liberty* (?), stamps its infectious poison upon many of the pages of these works.'

Yes, there must be a thorough revision of English, and indeed of classical literature. Shakspeare has some shockingly inflammatory and human words; so has Milton; so have the ancients. But let not these great States be at all abashed. Cotton is king; he has but to wave his wand, and he can bring a trifle of Homers and Miltons, and Shaksperes into the market, each with a genius delightfully unembarrassed by any human tenderness, or sense of freedom and the rights of man. Yes, this will be a great work for our *collaborateurs* of the South, first to *furnish* an Index Expurgatorius—all the great swelling thoughts of freedom expunged—and then to make a new literature, and no freedom in it. And yet this African race! What a fund of humour



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‘ Having talked to him seriously, and in the strongest light held up to him the enormity of the crime of forsaking his lawful wife and taking another, Colly replied, most earnestly, and not taking in at all the idea of guilt, but deeply distressed at having offended his master :

“ Lor, Massa Harry, what was I to do, sir ? She tuk all I could git, and more too, sir, to put on her back ; and tellin’ de truf, sir, dress herself as no poor man’s wife hav’ any right to. I ’monstrated wid her, massa, but to no purpose ; and den, sir, w’y I jis did all a decent man could do—lef’ her, sir, for some oder nigger better off ’an I is.”

‘ ’Twas no use. Colly could not be aroused to conscientiousness on the subject.’

What a mingling of humour and pathos and sorrow is here :—

‘ The negro property, which had been brought up in a freight car, was immediately led out on the stoppage of the train. As it stepped on to the platform, the owner asked, “ Are you all here ?”

“ Yes, massa, we is all heah,” answered one. “ *Do dysef no harm, for we’s all heah,*” added another, in an under tone.

‘ The negroes immediately gathered some wood, and taking a brand from the railroad hands, made a fire for themselves ; then, all but the woman, opening their bundles, wrapped themselves in their blankets and went to sleep. The woman, bare-headed, and very inadequately clothed as she was, stood for a long time alone, erect and statue-like, her head bowed, gazing in the fire. She had taken no part in the light chat of the others, and had given them no assistance in making the fire. Her dress too was not the usual plantation apparel. It was all sadly suggestive.’

We may possibly soon return to the subject of these volumes. We have feared that the conscience of this country is not quite sound upon the question of slavery—in the north of England especially, where the cotton interest is understood to be imperial, we desire these volumes should be read. Of the charm of reading them it is impossible to speak in terms too high, and they will set before the reader such a narration as will, we believe, harrow the most selfish soul. We dare not cite some things. It was necessary to the picture that Mr. Olmsted should place the darkest shadows there, but there are scenes which he beheld, of ordinary daily occurrence—hourly occurrence—in the Arcadia of slavery, which plainly reveal the horrible enormity of the sin.

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## VII.

SOME DIFFICULT PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY  
OF AN OLD ARM-CHAIR.\*

WELL said the moralising Jaques—

‘ Out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn’d.’

We have taken occasion before now to remark upon some of the singular ultramontanisms of Dr. Manning. Rome in him rejoices in no half-and-half convert. He has in going over to Rome taken his whole heart with him. He sticks at no absurdity of thought or expression. There is nothing too monstrous for the immense maw of his credulity. Certainly, in him we see what comes of that conversion, which, according to the devout prayers and prophecy of all the faithful, is soon to be the happy state of our now heretical and sore afflicted nation. To be converted to Rome is to be converted from all nationality and patriotism—from all individuality of judgment—from all candour and truth and honesty, and from all common sense. Certainly, this is the market to which Dr. Manning has carried his convictions, and he industriously seeks every opportunity of making his amiable state of lunatic self-surrender known. We will cheerfully aid him so far, and purpose making some of these singular views known to our readers. We referred some two or three months since to his lectures upon the Temporal Power of the Pope; but, although they struck us as tolerably extreme in their views and expression, it seems the venerable convertite thinks that something yet may be added; therefore, he has published a lengthy preface to a new edition of those lectures, and we hail it as really expressing the Catholic view of the Papacy. We cannot have too much of this kind of thing; the only danger is when Papists and their priests do not speak out. We are quite safe when they do. We never entertain any doubt that the Papacy is the enemy of all civil society, and there is matter enough in these very papers, if only the favourable opportunity

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- \* 1. *The Temporal Power of the Holy See.* By the Right Rev.<sup>d</sup> Dr. Manning. In the *Tablet* Newspaper, Nov. 30th, Dec. 7th, and Dec. 14th.  
 2. *Dublin Review*, May, 1861. Art. *Dollinger and the Temporal Power of the Pope.*  
 3. *The Rambler*. Nov. 1861. Art. *Dollinger on the Temporal Power.*



for acting upon the benignant hints conveyed to set all society in a flame.

No, Dr. Manning will have it the Papal chair is not made of wood, and never was put together by human hands at all. Dr. Manning will have it that the Papal chair is much more firmly joined together now than ever it was. We believe, for our part, that it does take a very large share of faith to hold the devotee to the old seat, and, certainly, in our writer, we have plenty. We have here no misgivings. No, there is nothing about it that gives any evidence of rottenness, and nothing ever sat in it that ever gave any evidence of wrongness. Dr. Manning might make one of a company the English Church has recently lost, who might all sing their parts to the same melody :—

‘I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that Old Arm-chair.’

But few things we meet with in this way surprise us. We are accustomed to the bombast and the impudence and the blasphemy of Rome ; but, lest our readers should not exactly estimate aright the worth and value of that same Old Chair, we will give two or three choice extracts from Dr. Manning. First, however, read this deplorable character of Protestantism in England :—

‘Now, this seems to me to give a fair indication of the kind of errors with which we have to deal in England. They are by no means Oriental, that is speculative, subtle, metaphysical, or abstract ; but emphatically Western, that is material, sensuous, rationalistic, and secular. *Protestantism is a revolt against supernatural, against sacramental grace, against the jurisdiction of the Church over souls, against the transmission of its Divine office, against the power of binding and loosing, against the abiding presence of Jesus in the Holy Sacrament and Sacrifice of the Altar, against the supernatural unity and endowments of the Mystical Body, against the office of the Vicar of the Incarnate Word in the spiritual and temporal prerogatives conferred upon his person.* Now all these are kindred errors, the offspring of one stem. They are no more than so many detailed denials of the supernatural order, and of the presence and operation of the powers of the Incarnation upon man and upon society. Pelagius denied the presence of interior supernatural grace in our regeneration, Luther in our justification, modern Protestantism in the Church and in Christendom, which is its creation and its product.’

Honest and sensible man ! Let us hear him further, and here we shall come to the Old Chair. It is unfortunate that sense and reason cannot at all aid us in our determination upon this question, for our writer boldly says—

‘And, therefore, in contemplating the history of the Holy See, and of the line of Pontiffs who unite us with the Presence of the Incarnate

66 *Difficult Passages in the History of an Old Arm-chair.*

*Word manifested on earth, and also with the Sovereignty of the same Lord now reigning at the right hand of God, sense and reason have their proper sphere, but there is a Sanctuary into which they cannot enter, and a presence which determines all, and is the Substance and the Life of the whole supernatural fact of which Faith alone has cognizance.'*

Very important, indeed, is this question of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. In fact, society is not possible except in the acknowledgment of this Old Arm-chair—

'Not only do we, as Catholics, perceive that in it is summed up the whole presence of the supernatural order, but even *men of the world have likewise become aware that the whole natural order of political society, as it has hitherto existed in Christendom, is tied by this single keystone.* They know as well as we, that the political question of the day is not between degrees of more or less in the same order, but between *two social systems: the old, which created Christendom; and the new, which let loose the Revolution.* The most anti-Papal, anti-Catholic, and anti-Christian among us does not affect to deny that the *whole order of Christian society in Europe arose from the action of the Church, and therefore gets head upon the nations of the world.*

'Now, as this appears to me to be the particular truth which the progression of human error has at this day especially assailed, and as it seems also that our *Divine Lord, who at other times has been pleased, to use the language of men, to accept the battle with the perverse will and perverted reason of man—*sometimes on one side of His indivisible truth, and sometimes on another; in one age upon His Godhead coequal with the Father, in another upon His true and proper manhood taken from His Immaculate Mother; now upon the mystery of the Altar, which most nearly represents the action and proportions of His Incarnation; and now upon the whole order and action of His Church upon the world;—*so now at least it would seem, from reasons partly, no doubt, as yet inscrutable, but partly, even at this time, already most evident, He has accepted the whole combat upon one point, the key and centre of all His supernatural action among men, namely, on the Sovereign Pontificate of His Vicar upon earth.*'

All this is bold and strong, but bolder notes remain yet. It is natural that if we are to listen to Dr. Manning at all, we should listen to some reason, but we can only discuss the question of the Old Arm-chair, while we remember that it is altogether a supernatural chair—not made at all—'specks it grow'd,' and not even growing at all out of mere natural wood; 'for,' says the doctor—

'*We can consent to so deal with it in so far as we might also deal with the fact of the Incarnation of the Holy Eucharist in the order of nature. But in these and in the Supreme Pontificate there is, as I have said, a supernatural element, which not only refuses the test and the treatment of*

the natural order, but so predominates over the whole subject, as the greater over the less, and as the substance over the accessories, that all such treatment becomes partial, inadequate, and useless.'

Is it possible to climb over this vast Alps of folly, and blaspheme to a yet higher Alps?—Yes. We say it, and say it reverently, knowing what we say. The daring author of this astonishing production does not hesitate to say that "in the Pope there dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Here is the extract: does it not warrant our using that text of Scripture as the appropriate representation of its meaning?

'The third principle is, always to maintain the indivisible unity of the subject; and as we refuse to treat it in the natural order alone, so never to distinguish, except in thought, the Pontificate and the Sovereignty Spiritual and Temporal of the Vicariate of Jesus Christ. As in treating of human nature we may contemplate the body and the soul, the intellect and the will, the expansion of life in childhood, its wider range in youth, its sway and maturity in manhood, and yet we are only distinguishing without dividing the integral and inseparable perfections and properties of one individual life; so it is with the Sovereign Pontificate of the Vicars of Jesus Christ, whether contemplated lineally in the progressive manifestation of its prerogatives along the whole line of Pontiffs, or in the person of Pius IX., in whom all the inheritance of the Vicariate of the Son of God, both as Pontiff and as Sovereign, resides in full.'

'The Pontificate and the Sovereignty of the Vicar of Jesus Christ was fully and perfectly, that is, either actually or potentially, conferred upon the person of St. Peter in the moment when he received of the Son of God the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. The whole power of supernatural Government, with all its principles, prerogatives, and sanctions, was conveyed to him by that one act of investiture. No new accessions have been made to it; no further grants, or enlargements of jurisdiction, have been bestowed upon him or upon his successors. It has, indeed, required a succession of two hundred and fifty Pontiffs to bring forth and to exercise all the fulness of this original commission. If the Apostle does not hesitate to call the Church by the name of Christ, *I need not fear to draw a parallel between the unfolding of the mystery of the Incarnation in the Person of Jesus from the moment of the Annunciation to the hour of the Ascension, and the progressive manifestation of His Priesthood and His Royalties in the person of His Vicar upon earth.* Two points of precise analogy exist in this parallel. First, the full and perfect presence of these two supernatural facts from the first moment of their constitution, and next, the progressive manifestation and exercise of their power in the order of time and of events.'

We have quoted thus lengthily that our readers may see the shocking and insane turpitude to which this argument is carried. Is it possible that Pio Nono can read without blushing the men-



dacious paragraphs in which he is told that 'the majestic spectacle' of his misfortunes reminds the author of the temptation of his Master; or does he not smile at the ludicrous assurance given to him that—

'This is the true solution of the concentrated hostility and activity of the world against the Temporal Sovereignty of Pius IX. So long as the Vicar of Jesus Christ continues to be a Temporal Sovereign, the duty of all Temporal Rulers to consecrate their power by submission to the Christian faith and Christian law, is recorded in the public jurisprudence of the world, and inscribed upon the face of the earth. *He sits as a Sovereign among Sovereigns, and as a Sovereign of higher jurisdiction*, as the Guardian of the Christian faith and law among the people of other Sovereignities. It is an amiable but not a wise enthusiasm to say that, if he sat as an Apostle among Sovereigns, he would exert a greater power. As an Apostle only, the Vicar of Jesus Christ never did, never could sit among Sovereigns as their judge. Would he sit there as the subject of any one of them, or of all together? And if he be not subject, he, *ipso facto*, becomes Sovereign. The negation of subjection is the affirmation of sovereignty. *And, therefore, among the Sovereigns of the nations he presides as one over whom none has power, as one who has power over all*; for to him is divinely committed the custody of the new law; and the judgment of all, whether princes or people, who by baptism are subjects of that law. And if he be Sovereign, then the possession of a sphere or territory within which to dwell, is a necessity of logic and of fact.'

We shall only tax our readers—or amuse them—by one other extract; and that relates to the proof presented for all this balderdash.

'*In the parallel I have drawn between the gradual definition of the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and of the Immaculate Conception, and the subject of the Temporal Power of the Sovereign Pontiffs*, I have in no way, and in no sense, expressed or implied that the Temporal Power constitutes the material object of a dogma of Faith.

'The first of the two conditions of a dogma of Faith is, that it was revealed by God to the Apostles.

'The local sovereignty of the Vicar of our Lord over Rome and the Marches was a fact in Providence many centuries afterwards, and, as such, can form no proper or primary matter of a dogma of Faith. The instinct of a Catholic child would perceive this; and Catholics will forgive my pointing it out only for the sake of those who either have not the light of faith, or who are given to the spirit of contention.

'Nevertheless, the Temporal Sovereignty affords abundant and proper matter for a definition, or judgment, or authoritative declaration of the Church; like as the canon, authenticity, and genuineness of Holy Scripture; or the disciplinary decrees of General Councils;

or, finally, the authoritative sentences in the Bulls of Pontiffs—as, for instance, in the Bull *Auctorem Fidei*, of which many relate to discipline, to Ecclesiastical and mixed questions bearing on temporal things.

‘And to such an authoritative utterance, under anathema, and by the voice of the whole Church, through the Supreme Pontiff, the subject of the Temporal Power of the Vicar of Jesus Christ may legitimately, and not improbably, attain; and such a *judicium ecclesiæ*, or authoritative sentence, would be binding on the consciences of all the Faithful, and the contrary would be noted as “*propositio falsa, iuribus Concilium Generalium et summorum Pontificum læsiva, scandalosa, et schismat, fovens.*” And yet the subject-matter may not be among the original articles of revealed Doctrine, but of the nature of a dogmatic fact attaching to a Divine doctrine and institution, viz.: *the Vicariate of St. Peter and his successors; and, therefore, after declaration it would be of infallible certainty and universal obligation; so that the denial of it would involve mortal sin*’ (!)

And so the divinity of the Old Arm-chair is adjudged to be a matter of faith, because the Old Arm-chair has adjudged itself divine. There is no evidence that it is anything more than a piece of wood; but it has adjudged itself to be gold, or ivory—it does not matter much which—and so faith gives up its eyes and says, Even so.

We trust our readers will not feel wroth with us for taking up so large a space with extracts such as these: they are important. Rome, boasts Dr. Dollinger, in his work on the temporal power of the Pope (which we trust before long to make the subject of some more lengthy observations in these pages) boasts that Protestantism, worn out, is seeking to return to the bosom of the Papacy—to that Papacy which is exactly and particularly what Dr. Manning describes it as being; we should dread the influence of pages like those of Dr. Dollinger, mild, temperate, kindly philosophical, very much in the spirit of Mohler, much more than we should dread extravagances like those of Manning, bigoted, intolerant, ultramontanistic—in fact, bitterly Popish. But let us inquire. It behoves us to inquire, is it true, as Dollinger teaches, that as ‘the moral and intellectual exhaustion of Paganism was the prelude to Christianity; so, in like manner, the dissolution and spiritual decay of Protestantism is confronted with the revival of the Papacy’? Is it true, as this writer maintains, that the chief security for Protestantism is in the religious indifference of the educated classes?

Is it true, as Dr. Dollinger asserts, that the doctrine of justification by faith, ‘the article of a standing or falling church,’ ‘the essence and treasure of the Reformation,’ ‘the banner which

must be unfurled once in every sermon,' 'the permanent death which gnaws the bones of Catholics,' 'the standard by which the whole of the Gospel must be interpreted, and every obscure passage explained'—is it true that 'this is an exploded doctrine'? Is it true that 'at this time there is a process of dissolution among Protestants, and a process of regeneration in the Court of Rome'? And is it true 'that the two religions, the Protestant and the Catholic, have come nearer to each other'? Is there truth in these statements? We fear there may be. We hope there is not; but it is well for our readers to know how we are regarded by those enlightened and liberal Romanists; and the views of a man like Dr. Dollinger would be more dangerous than those of Manning. His views are far too mild and gentle for *The Tablet* and *The Dublin Review*; these two worthy brethren will never, by any chance, be found to raise a voice where freedom is to be gained, unless it be for the purposes of tyranny, or where courtesy is to be manifested, we may not say to antagonists, rather to those who are found in different departments of the same army; coarse and vulgar and low, to them patriotism and martyrdom are best represented in the obsequies of M'Manus, and chivalry in the sword of O'Donnell. The bitter hatred and rancour of their penmanship against everything Protestant halts at no lie, hesitates before no vituperation. Disdaining as needless all the superfluous courtesies of life or society, they make a dash with the vivid rhetoric of their style, and achieve, by the force of the boxing-glove, what some would rather hope to attain by reason, a conquest. Of the supporters of the Papacy, Dr. Manning writes and looks like an old Dominican inquisitor. We can well believe he could sit and put interrogatories to a body on the rack, while the two worthies we have placed in juxtaposition—*The Tablet* and *Dublin Review*—would find their account rather with Tetzels in cursing and swearing and selling indulgences. Thus *The Dublin Review* finds that Dr. Dollinger deserves 'unmitigated condemnation,' and expresses itself as follows:—

'What in reality Catholics most condemn in these lectures of Dr. Dollinger is the supreme and sovereign disregard they show to the recorded opinion of every ecclesiastical authority from the Holy Father downwards. Is Dr. Dollinger aware of the unanimity of Catholic opinion in favour of the temporal power of the Popes? Has he read or heard of the numerous addresses to the Sovereign Pontiff in favour of the maintenance of his rights, for the sake of the safety of the Church—addresses from all parts of the world, from Venice and Naples, from Sardinia itself, as well as from the revolted provinces of Central Italy, from Spain, from England and Ireland,



from France and Germany, from America, from the Indies, and from the far Australia, all declaring in various tongues, but with one voice, for the temporal power of the Popes? Such unanimity in the Christian Church is like the speaking of the Holy Ghost; it appears to us at least like an indication of His overruling Presence and of His Divine Will. We object to the intellectual Protestantism which shrinks from or evades the supernatural character of the Papacy. In Dr. Dollinger we miss the higher discernment proper to the Catholic mind. About the Papacy there is nothing accidental, either in its constitution, or in the course of its history. Its position in the world is providential. Rome is bound to the Popes, not because under the Popes it maintains its ancient distinction of being the metropolis of the world, but because Rome is the Jerusalem of the new dispensation, because the Papacy is rooted in the tomb of the Apostles. *Not in vain was St. Peter crucified in Rome. The union of the Papacy and Rome is sealed by the sacrament of his blood.* It is the elect of the cities. It is the appointed witness whether to the glory or to the martyrdom of the Papacy. What has Dr. Dollinger gained by declining to a lower range of argument, by propounding, or rather suggesting views which may be liberal, but certainly are not Catholic?

‘A plague on both your houses.’ We are not displeased with the amiable spirit and scholarly tone of Dr. Dollinger’s lectures, but in fact we believe that all Popish tendencies point the same way, and to the same delusion in the end. It is impossible to separate Popery from Ultramontaniam.

One thing is very certain, the ‘Old Arm-chair’ has reached a very critical period of its history. Indeed, it has had many critical periods. For hundreds of years, what was it? In Rome they still keep, and to favoured eyes they still show, the ivory chair in which sat the first primate, the Apostle, the first Pope of Rome; still every year is held ‘the festival of the chair.’ The faithful believe this to have been given to the first bishop of Rome, and from him transmitted with all its numerous Pagan adornments to his successors.\* Yes, there it is, covered with its Pagan hieroglyphs,—a mere traditional mystery, about which a soul on earth knows nothing. Indeed, there are other chairs, and we know their history: the chair at Jarrow, in which sat Venerable Bede; the chair at Lutterworth, in which sat Father Wycliffe; the chair at Bedford, in which sat Goodman Bunyan. These, plain unadorned oak though they be—these have a value, for their history is known; but even these would become contemptible, did they claim from oak to become gold, and ceasing to regard themselves as chairs, set up for thrones. This is the

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\* See Wiseman’s *Essays*, Vol. II.—‘Remarks on Statements regarding St. Peter’s Chair.’

pretension of the 'Old Arm-chair,' for which Dr. Manning raises his half pathetic and wholly denunciatory pleading. Where would all possessions be if they depended upon the same kind of warrant as that which gives validity to its claim. Dr. Manning admits that for ages that chair was subject to, and obeyed the will of Pagan emperors; he admits that the Papacy is especially a thing of growth—that the possession of the pontiffs only dates from the abandonment of Rome by the emperors. But from that hour, what a history is told in the impostures, the cruelties, the mendacities, the adversities of that old chair! How can it ever claim to have been always and ever the centre of Christendom? That old chair, with its curule adornments, even for the greater number of the years of the Papacy, has borne no public part in all its honours. The very chair which claims to be a throne, has been for a long portion of the history of Rome a nonentity. Dr. Dollinger exclaims:—

'History answers that the chair of St. Peter existed at first for seven hundred years, without even possessing a single village or hamlet; and even later, when whole provinces were conferred upon them, the Sovereign Pontiff, from the ninth to the fifteenth century, with few exceptions, never enjoyed quiet possession of their more extended territory, and that even the mightiest of the Successors of St. Peter, Gregory VII. and Urban II. died on a foreign soil. According to the testimony of a Pope himself, when the Papacy was at the very height of its religious and political power, there were only two cities, Viterbo and Avignon, where the Popes could dwell in peace and security. Rome, for centuries, was too disturbed a place for a Papal residence. Only three hundred years ago did the Popes attain to the secure possession of their territories, and what are three hundred, compared to eighteen hundred years?'

That Old Chair! 'It has taken,' says Dr. Manning, 'two hundred and fifty Popes to bring out the fulness of its commission.' To bring out the fulness of its commission! What, then, was its commission, when it was full of emptiness? Seven Popes in a hundred years sought refuge in France; two remained in Verona. Poor Old Chair! We say again, considering the claims that are set up for it, is it not contemptible to see it reeling and tumbling to and fro? Now almost broken in pieces by a blow from France, and now cleverly mended by France, but shivered by a smart crash from Germany. But by forgery and theft, by nepotism and murder, trickery to-day and terror to-morrow, the Chair has often made itself a power. The very claim which is put forth for the right of the Church, by the grant made to Sylvester from Constantine, is a forgery, legible, and known to the merest reader. But a lie, repeated often

enough, is believed at last. The whole story of the Chair is one long tale of 'a cunningly devised fable.' But our object has not been to illustrate for the thousandth time with what pertinacity Rome can lie, but to show how marvellously even those brought up in English ways and schools catch the infection, and learn to breathe in falsehood. Is not the following character of our own misdeeds very worthy of the rhetoric of Rome? and with this, from the pen of Montalembert, we bid farewell for the present to this hopeless race of the libertines and panders of superstition and despotism:—

'England,' says the indignant writer in terms of regret, 'England is one of the allies of the revolution. *No more, alas, that glorious England, liberal and conservative, which we have boasted of, loved, admired, imitated, but a degenerated England, scarcely to be recognised again, a country faithless to its true interests, to its good sense, to its natural equity, to its better traditions, to its former glories; a country where intolerance is pushed so far that the Prime Minister publicly declares that a sincere Catholic is incapable of fulfilling the duties of a simple Keeper of Records; an England which, at Suez, sacrifices to her mercantile selfishness the interests of the human race; which in Syria sacrifices to her jealousy against France, humanity, piety, justice, and "would rather see thirty thousand Christians massacred, than let them be saved by us;" which in Italy sacrifices to the inveteracy of its ancient Protestant fanaticism, the law of nations and all that she herself has guaranteed or established; which in France applauds and instigates all those oppressions which at home her own laws forbid; which foment and encourages against the Pope and Catholic kings, acts and ideas which she herself has blotted out in the blood of the Irish, of the Indians, and of the Ionians; which, when a question arises which may do injury to the Church, has money for all adventurers, connivance for every invasion, and sympathy for every crime;—a jeering Palmerston to play chief mourner over international law as well as over the ancient honour of England, and I add, with the most painful regret, a Gladstone to insult the filial reverence of all Catholics by terming their Pontiff and their Father a 'Sanguinary Mendicant.'*

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## VIII.

## PURITAN WOMANHOOD.\*

THIS very interesting work we had proposed to make the subject of a much longer notice than we have any space for this month; but just as we were closing our last sheet we alighted upon a singularly intolerant and truthless, and scurrilous review of the work, in the pages of the *Athenæum* for December 21st. Poor Mr. Anderson! We have no acquaintance with him, or with any kith or kin of his or his publishers; but we profoundly commiserate his feelings upon the perusal of the attack of the celebrated literary grunter. How will he survive the shock to his feelings, upon being made acquainted by the voice of that eminent Bombalette, that he is 'ignorant, profane, scandalous, and erroneous.' Tolerably severe, this; and we all know how great must have been the occasion for such a succession of literary *thuds*, when we remember the usual benignity of that mild and merciful advertising sheet. We determined to introduce the volumes to the notice of our readers this month, in order, if possible, to the measure of our influence, to check the influence of the fearfully excited state of feeling beneath which the writer was moved. The opinions of the writer upon historical things may be gathered if we quote at length the passage we refer to. When reviewers themselves become indecent, they are put beyond the pale of those courtesies which usually compel a respectful silence with reference to contemporary opinions:—

'But the rancour of Mr. Anderson's temper does not reach its full height till it is roused by the recollection of the Act of Uniformity—"that grievous persecution of Black Bartholomew," as Dissenters are wont to call it. It is not enough for him to shed tears of commiseration over the 2,000 ejected clergy, "who were generally the most orthodox, learned, and devoted ministers of the Church," but he must also calumniate the pious scholars who were promoted to the places left vacant by the Nonconformists. "That so large a number of ministers should voluntarily sacrifice their livings, with all their prospects of advancement in the Church, and should expose themselves and their families to poverty, contempt, and persecution, rather than do violence to their consciences, presented, indeed, an example of self-immolating devotion to duty honourable to the Puritan character and commendatory of the Christian faith. But the ejectment of

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\* *Memorable Women of the Puritan Times.* By the Rev. James Anderson, author of the 'Ladies of the Reformation,' 'Ladies of the Covenant,' &c. In 2 vols. London: Blackie & Son.

so many excellent ministers, and *the filling of their places with ignorant, profane, scandalous, and erroneous men*, was deeply injurious to the cause of religion at the time, and the melancholy effects are felt by the Church of England even at the present time." Such are the words of Mr. Anderson, who, besides being an appointed minister of a Christian persuasion, makes loud professions that he is a champion of religious tolerance. It seems scarcely credible that at this date a man of education should be found to display such vindictive resentment to the victors in a political contest, the strife and wrangling of which have been laid to rest and silence just two centuries. Hard words provoke retaliation. *Mr. Anderson must therefore think we deal leniently with him when, instead of casting in his face the names of some of the men he thus holds up to odium, we only apply his own violent language to his own ignorant, profane, scandalous, and erroneous teaching.*

Such is the opinion of the *Athenæum*: the ejection of Black Bartholomew was not persecution! Most merciful literary dictator! There are very few of the dicta of the *Athenæum* will bear receiving without very much independent examination; but in all matters where religion or religious freedom are concerned, we beg to caution our readers against this paper. Indeed, a certain writer, not very extreme in his opinions and expressions where Puritan opinions and practices were to be avowed or defended—one Lord Macaulay—has been far more 'ignorant, profane, and scandalous, and erroneous' than Mr. Anderson. There was an age when two sparrows were sold for a farthing. We have no doubt that this writer would sell all the religious opinions in the world for the same price. It is not difficult to see the price at which he appraises them. He belongs to an order of men who are not led by any of the ordinary opinions of honesty of purpose; he is one of a noble and singular race, able, with the immortal Dixon, to wreath a laurel for the mendacity of Bacon, till it is hid behind a mass of rhetorical foliage, and to wreath a crown of thorns and contempt for the magnanimity of the Howes and Owens, and Baxters, Caryls, Alleines, and Gales—a singularly able and very distinguished editor. Well, the ejected Nonconformist ministers are known; and for those who filled their places, they also are known. Has not Lord Macaulay made them live to us if it were necessary, in the pages of his history? and even in the present number of the *Eclectic*, does not the portrait of Dr. Warner, sketched by Mr. Thackeray,\* realise most of the clergymen of the age of the first princes of the house of Hanover and the latest Stewarts? And have we not the humour of Fielding with Parson Trulliber? And have we not the satires of Bishop Hall?

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\* See *supra*, page 3.

These volumes of Mr. Anderson fill a vacant niche in the annals of Puritanism. It was very natural that the biographer of the ladies of the Reformation and the Covenant, should commemorate the heroines of Puritanism. As yet their memories have not been grouped together. The fine, free spirit of the writer of the *Athenæum* would have included the Countess of Derby in these biographies: a lion-hearted woman, truly; and a bitter persecutor. This was not necessary. It is enough to fulfil the idea of the biographer, and to honour that royal womanhood which fostered in innumerable families the spirit of piety and patriotism. The women of the household of Cromwell—his mother, his wife, and daughters—that eccentric, amazon-like woman, Mrs. Bendish, Cromwell's granddaughter, in whom the grandfather seemed to survive, or live again; Lucy Hutchinson; Margaret Baxter, the mighty Puritan's beautiful and noble wife; those hallowed martyrs, the Lady Alicia Lisle, condemned to the stake, but mercifully beheaded, for giving bread and a poor shelter to a traitor; and Elizabeth Gaunt, actually burnt for the same crime—hard measure for giving a cup of cold water to a supposed wandering, houseless beggar. Passionless dilettantes, like the writer of the *Athenæum*, Bombalette, think all this is right enough—perhaps could themselves have been the judge to condemn, or the traitor to eat the bread and give the information. But a man, with sympathies like our author, might be pardoned if he felt rancour here; though not one word that looks like rancour have we been able to discover in his volumes. The wife of John Bunyan, and the friend of Bunyan, Agnes Beaumont, furnish interesting sketches. Nor has the writer confined himself to the women of our own country; Mrs. Bradstreet, Mrs. Winthrop, and the women of Puritanism in America, receive also some notice in the first volume. Those readers who know Mr. Anderson's previous volumes, will not expect a lively or pictorial style; but every life is interesting. Bombalette, whom we have already quoted, is a most uncomfortable reviewer; thus we read, in the notice of Lady Vere, that 'it is composed of cumbrous passages from letters that, dragged from the obscurity and quiet of the State papers and Birch's MSS., are, to no good purpose, now, for the first time, printed.' Further on we read—

'The materials out of which Mr. Anderson has composed his two volumes are, for the most part, to be found in biographies and biographical collections that are well known to all persons conversant with modern English literature. As a book-maker he advances no claim to originality, but honestly mentions the shelf and the drawer from which he has taken each ingredient for his hotch-potch. It would, therefore, be as unfair to blame him for errors not his own, as



it would be out of place to give him praise for the more or less interesting pieces of information which he has taken, without labour, from other investigators.'

These are rather irreconcilable opinions. In the article a good deal is said about 'wandering lies,' and an attempt is made to kill one so-called in the frequently alleged genealogical relationship between the families of Charles Stewart and Cromwell. The writer may look nearer home for some of these houseless wanderers. The paragraph quoted above is contradicted by the preceding snarl at the authorities for the life of Lady Vere; but indeed there is not a word of truth in the criticism. Without showing elaborate erudition and research, the volumes do show extensive reading, and refer 'to books and biographical collection,' which, so far from being well known to all persons conversant with 'modern English literature,' are many of them only to be met with by an acquaintance with books and papers, discoverable after much diligent and painstaking examination; they show a thorough acquaintance with the history and literature of the period. We very heartily commend this 'hotch-potch' to the notice of our readers. It is a most animating recital of the lives of those whose names we have indicated, and many others; and it is none the less entertaining, because sometimes, by hitherto unpublished or but little known letters and narratives, the subject of the story has been compelled to become an autobiographer.

We have referred to the sketch of Mrs. Bendish, Cromwell's granddaughter, and Dr. Watts's friend. We are at issue here with Bombalette again. Bombalette thinks this is the best memoir of the collection: it is nothing of the sort. Mr. Anderson has not in this availed himself of all the materials he might have found; but those to whom this remarkable creature has been hitherto unknown, will read of her with great interest. She occupied a comparatively humble and uninfluential position; but she was in character, as compared with her grandfather, exactly what Elizabeth was as compared with Henry VIII. What think our readers of these following little anecdotes? Her veneration for Cromwell was unbounded:—

'Inspired with this enthusiastic devotion to the memory of her grandfather, and inheriting no small portion of his courage, she valiantly defended his reputation, especially his saintship, against whoever should assail it. Her friends, giving way to her foibles, or laughing at them, did not choose to enter into disputation with her. But she frequently met with strangers who were loud in casting aspersions on his memory. In such cases she was not the woman to sit in timid silence, and hear her grandfather calumniated. Her wrath was excited, and she resented every such attack as a personal injury.

‘On one occasion, when she was travelling in a London stage-coach, in company with two gentlemen to whom she was an entire stranger, the conversation turned upon Cromwell, whose character and conduct were criticised with much acrimony by the two gentlemen. Impatient at hearing the indignities done to the honoured name of her grandfather, she, after her usual manner, took up with great spirit the argument in his defence, and extolled him with all the rapture to which she was prompted by her enthusiastic admiration of his virtues and graces. She tried to make it clear to her opponents that he was a man of consummate patriotism and piety. But by all her rhetoric she failed to carry conviction to their minds. One of them in particular became extremely hot and violent against Cromwell, whom he branded with every term of opprobrium, deriding his pretensions to patriotism and sanctity, and stigmatising him as a cold-blooded traitor and tyrant. This virulence she thought was very insolent, and to her it was very provoking. She pronounced the imputations to be false and calumnious. But the more she defended her grandfather, the more outrageous was her opponent in his abuse. She became in a corresponding degree excited, and the controversy increased in vehemence. If towards the end of the stage, the violence of the dispute was abated, this arose rather from exhaustion of breath than from the want of wrath or of words to prolong it. After they had alighted from the coach, and had taken some refreshment, Mrs. Bendish advanced to the gentleman who had been her principal opponent in the controversy, and politely requested that she might be permitted to speak with him apart. “Surely, madam,” he replied, and they withdrew to another apartment; upon which she told him, with great composure, “that he had in the grossest manner belied and abused the most pious man that ever lived; that Cromwell’s blood that flowed in her veins would not allow her to pass over the indignities cast on his memory in her presence; that she could not handle a sword, but that she could fire a pistol as well as he, and she demanded immediate satisfaction to the injured honour of her family, insisting that if he would not incur the charge of cowardice, he should not make her sex the pretence for declining to accept her challenge.” The gentleman, as might be supposed, was amazed at the remarkable strain of this address, but on discovering her relationship to the man he had reviled, of which before he was ignorant, and perceiving that the controversy had now assumed a somewhat serious aspect, he had good sense enough to soften down. “Notwithstanding,” he immediately replied, “all that I have said in disparagement of the character of Oliver Cromwell, who I now understand to have been your grandfather, he unquestionably possessed many great qualities which I honour as much as you or any one, and had I known or suspected your relation to him, I would certainly not have said one word on the subject to give you offence. I regret having wounded your feelings by the asperity with which in the heat of contradiction I may have treated his memory, and I sincerely ask your pardon for my rudeness.” By

this apology he succeeded in appeasing her resentment; and they prosecuted the remainder of their journey together with a degree of friendly feeling and good humour, if not of mutual confidence. But in the course of the conversations that followed, Cromwell's character was not again brought under discussion.'

This anecdote almost contradicts what Mr. Anderson says further on:—

'Under all circumstances, Mrs. Bendish possessed the uncommon power of maintaining great mental equanimity. Gloomy and distressful impressions seldom dwelt long upon her mind. "Serve the Lord with gladness," "Rejoice evermore," were her mottoes. Whatever, therefore, might be the character of her lot, whether afflictions or calamities befel her, or whether her affairs were prosperous, she made all equally matter for rejoicing. The former, not less than the latter, had been sent by God, in wisdom, mercy, and love. If prosperity smiled upon her, it awakened her gratitude. If adversity spread its dark cloud around her—and her lot was more generally adverse than prosperous—this awakened even a profounder gratitude in her mind, because she believed that disappointments, vexations, and afflictions were necessary parts of the merciful discipline of Providence; and such were the effects of her religious sentiments on her uncommonly elastic mind, that her spiritual joy, like the thermometer, usually rose the higher the greater the heat of the furnace of affliction into which she was cast. Her religious sentiments were rigidly Calvinistic; and being little troubled with doubts about her election to the kingdom of heaven, of which indeed she was usually as certain as of her own existence, this became to her a fountain of never-failing joy, under all the sufferings of life.'

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'One of her schemes was the grazing of cattle. She attended the neighbouring fairs to sell and buy her cattle, travelling in a single horse chaise. In these journeys scope was afforded for the display of some of the peculiar traits of her character—her courage and her fervent, undoubting trust in the protection of Providence. She travelled by night as readily as by day, and was never deterred by bad roads or bad weather, or by her unacquaintance with the road. In encountering the perils of these journeys, it would be to state only a part of the truth to say that she was perfectly fearless—to encounter them afforded her positive enjoyment. She has been heard to say that in the darkest night, in a wild open heath, with the roads of which she was totally unacquainted, while overtaken by the most dreadful thunderstorm, she has not only maintained her calmness and presence of mind, but been perfectly happy, singing some one or other of the Psalms, and believing beyond a doubt that her chaise was surrounded by guardian angels. This strong apprehension of a protecting Providence rising into an invincible courage, while springing originally from faith in God, was doubt-



less nourished and invigorated by the peculiar ardour of a singularly enthusiastic temperament.'

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'These visits she paid at nine, or ten, or eleven o'clock at night, and she generally stayed till about one o'clock in the morning. Yet late as were these hours, and unseasonable as they were accounted in those sober days, such was the respect and deference which she universally commanded, that she always received a kind and friendly welcome. None of her friends ever presumed to disturb her in her habits by complaining of this, or of other similar irregularities, as to which she had a license conceded to her which would not have been conceded to any other person. On her paying these visits, her dress, though in a fashion of her own, and always plain, was yet becoming and graceful. "Splendid indeed she never was," says Dr. Brookes; "her highest dress being a plain silk; but it was usually of the richest sort, though, as far as I can remember, of what is called a Quaker's colour; and she wore besides a kind of black silk hood or scarf, that I rarely if ever observed to be worn by ladies of her time, and though hoops were in fashion long before her death, nothing I suppose could have induced her to wear one. Yet there was something in her person, when she was dressed, and in company, that could not fail of attracting at once the notice and respect of any stranger that entered the room wherever she was, though the company were ever so numerous, and though many of them might be more splendid in their appearance." When in the society of her friends she would drink wine freely; but her memorialists record, what we are happy to learn, that she never partook to excess. The aid of wine was not necessary to impart a charm to her conversation, which without any such exciting cause was sprightly, animated, emphatic, and racy, pervaded by strong masculine sense, great dignity of manner, and a most engaging address. She especially delighted to expatiate on the olden times of her grandfather; and to hear her speak about them was extremely interesting, from the much curious information illustrative of them, which she had always at command, and from the many memories connected with them, that were awakened, as her friends witnessed her manner, and looked upon her countenance, which so strikingly resembled that of her revered ancestor. Religion was also a theme on which she delighted to converse, and when this became the topic of conversation she was observed to kindle into rapture. After mutual interchange of thought and feeling with her friends, especially if religion had been the subject of their discourse, she was generally so elated, that seldom would she depart, though it were twelve o'clock at night or later, without joining with them in singing a psalm. She then would take her leave, and proceed with great hilarity to her home, which was often at a considerable distance.

'In making these visits she was mounted on an old mare, which had been, for many years, the trusty companion of her peregrinations and adventures. The mare, it would appear, was distinguished,

like her mistress, by sundry peculiarities and freaks, which were as well known at Yarmouth as the vagaries of the old lady. On this mare she generally rode, till towards the close of life, when, feeling the increasing infirmities of age, she got her persuaded, though with some difficulty, to draw a chaise, in which she seated herself with genuine dignity. She would never allow a servant to accompany her in these nightly excursions. Her loneliness afforded her scope to indulge in her musings and eccentricities, upon which the presence of an attendant would have been a disagreeable intrusion. And she had no fear of danger. God, she said, was her guard, and she would have no other. About one o'clock in the morning, the hour to which her visits were usually protracted, she mounted on the mare, or placed herself in the chaise, and started for home. No sooner had she taken her seat and all was right, than the faithful animal, obedient to the word of command, began to move, while Mrs. Bendish began to sing in merry mood a psalm of David, or one of Watts' hymns, in notes rather loud than melodious, thus bidding defiance to the imaginary spectres of the night—a greater proof of heroism than may at first sight be supposed, for our worthy forefathers were far from being free from a superstitious dread of danger from this imaginary source. "This," says Hewling Luson, in describing her journeys homeward from his father's house, "I have often heard; and thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, the one gently trotting, and the other loudly singing, jogged on, the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home."

We have quoted at length from the sketch of this interesting and remarkable woman, especially because we believe hers is now almost a forgotten name; and these extracts appropriately represent the character of these two very delightful volumes, and are, therefore, a reply to the *Athenæum*. They are written in a very calm, and subdued, and Christian spirit. In conclusion, we may say we never estimated the reviewer's office and function very highly. A reviewer may be useful in pointing attention to the admirable and excellent; but when he forgets his business, and simply uses his pages as a channel for indecent accusation and malevolent falsehood and calumny, readers need to be cautioned. If we ever sin in this way, we trust some strong hand will condescend to punish us.

## SHORT NOTICES.

**N**INETEEN *Years in Polynesia : Missionary Life, Travels, and Researches in the Islands of the Pacific.* By the Rev. George Turner. Second Edition. (London : John Snow, 1861.)—The *Athenæum* for April the 6th last, in noticing this interesting volume, introduced it in the following courteous manner: ‘It is so rare a thing for the *emissaries* of the London Missionary Society to publish a work deserving the notice of educated readers, that we may possibly be suspected of irony when we say that “Nineteen Years in Polynesia” is at the same time amusing and instructive.’ This only shews that this singularly cantankerous and abusive review is as illiterate, upon some matters, as malevolent on others. The London Missionary Society is not a publishing firm, and men who have spent years away from their country may be perhaps forgiven if they do not excel in those graces of composition, suitable to the Epicurean palate of the *Athenæum*. Still, had this sage reviewer said, that the ‘emissaries’—suitable and courteous word, and truthful also—seldom published a narrative of their work and travels without exciting a world-wide interest, he had been nearer the mark. Did the gentle critic never hear of an obscure individual, one Dr. Livingstone, or of a man named John Williams, or Robert Moffat, or William Ellis, or John Campbell (he of Africa), or of Robert Morrison, or Medhurst? Such men have been heard of, and their narratives read. But we waste words on insolent ignoramuses, who, after all, will never see them, and would be where they were if they did. We are gratified that this volume has reached a second edition. Few records of missionary enterprise or of adventurous travel deserve a warmer welcome or excite a deeper interest than this. It is a truthful, unexaggerated book; yet by its clear and faithful representations of the scenes of the missionary’s life in the South Sea Islands,—the threatening dangers,—the lawless and shameless depravity of the people,—the dawn of infant civilisation spreading with the growth of Christianity,—the noble simplicity of faith and purity of manners among the converts,—it enchains the reader’s attention and moves his feelings more surely than if it had been tricked out with the arts of romance.

As a book of travel, Mr. Turner’s volume ranks high. His intimacy with the people, during nineteen years’ residence, enables him to portray their habits, and reveal their secret customs and beliefs, as no yachting visitor could truthfully do. His field, too, for observation has been large. He was settled for seven months in Tamva, one of the New Hebrides, near to Erromanga, which he abandoned, with hair-breadth risks, after repeated attempts were made on his life. The remainder of the nineteen years were spent in the Navigator’s Islands, broken only by a missionary tour through



the New Hebrides and the New Caledonia group of islands in 1845. Wherever Mr. Turner travelled he carried not merely the heart of the missionary, but also the mind of a careful observer, and so, as he modestly says in his Preface, 'a number of things are brought to light respecting the manners, customs, and mythology of the native tribes of Polynesia which, it is hoped, will prove interesting to the friends of missions, and, at the same time, contribute to the data after which many, at the present day, are in search in studying the comparative history of the human race.'

In this comparative history of the human family there are two special departments—viz., comparative mythology and comparative grammar—rising every day into higher importance, as they are seen to contain the elements requisite for the solution of the greatest religious problems of the day. The origin of the religious faiths, and of the divers languages of man, are plainly the two most vital questions in determining the origin of man himself; and, if he be created, in determining his primal and normal relation to his Creator. As proofs of the importance of these new studies, we will give two quotations. Schlegel writes thus, in his '*Philosophisch Vorlesungen*,' pp. 57, 67, 69:—

'The Indian language is almost entirely a philosophical, or rather religious vocabulary. . . It furnishes a new proof in the demonstration that the primitive state of man has not been one analogous to that of the brutes. If it had been so, then man would have risen to reason after long and painful efforts—a feeble and incoherent part of the light of reason. It shows, on the other hand, that the clearest and most penetrating intelligence has existed from the beginning among men. In very truth, it must have needed a *faculty* equal to itself in man to create a *language*, which, even in its first and simplest elements, expresses the highest conceptions of pure and universal thought, as well as the whole lineaments of human consciousness, and that not by figures, but by expressions direct and clear.'

And Renan, in his wonderful book on the '*Origin of Language*,' p. 204, gives this remarkable passage, pointing at once to the unity of the human family, and to some miraculous cause, after the Deluge, which, separating kindred families, originated among them divers languages without destroying their kindred:—

'One fact, moreover, furnishes to the hypothesis of the human family an argument of incontestable validity and weight. It is this:—The divisions to which comparative philology leads us are not coincident with those to which we are led by anthropology. For example:—The division of the Semetic nations from the Indo-European has been created by philology, and not by physiology. Although the Jews and Arabs have a type of countenance very pronounced, so that they cannot be confounded with Europeans, men of science, *who* regard man merely in the light of natural history, would never have dreamt of imagining this distinct type of countenance to be a specific trait of countenance, if the study of languages, confirmed by that of literature and religion, had not discovered here a distinction which the study of the body did not reveal. But if one admits that the Semetic and Indo-European speak languages of different

origin, and yet do not belong to races physiologically different, is not one authorised to conclude that the human race being one, has *here* divided itself (or been divided ?) into several families, which have formed their language apart, without any resemblance to each other; in other words, that people may be brothers, though speaking languages absolutely different.

Now, for these two studies of comparative mythology and philology scholars have felt that the remains of superstitious observance, and the idioms of the savage tribes of Africa and the Archipelagoes of the Pacific, will furnish the most suggestive, because new materials. Accordingly, we are especially grateful to Mr. Turner for his minute observation and faithful record of the superstitions, rites, enchantments, and beliefs of the different tribes of Polynesia, and for his extended comparative view of the Polynesian dialects. The last is peculiarly serviceable at the present time; for in the investigation of the correlation and origin of languages, the amazing number and differences of these dialects, even in the same island, or group of islands, presents one of the most curious and important problems that has to be studied. The degeneration of the savage life is marked by no fact ever recorded more than by the statement that in Tamva, an island with a few hundreds of population, there are five distinct dialects, the savage tribe speaking one which is unintelligible to the other tribes; and that in this small island these separate tribes have their petty boundaries jealously watched, and crossed only for theft and war.

If Mr. Turner's book has this great value to scholars because of its store of new and interesting facts bearing on very important modern studies, it appeals to a far wider class of readers. The illustrations of Old Testament phraseology drawn from Tamvan customs will instruct every Bible student. And the picture of the Christian settlements of Tamva, and other Christian islands, will quicken the heart of many a Christian believer in Britain with gratitude to God for such glorious results, attesting the power of his Gospel,—and with shame for himself, that, with greater privileges, his life is outshone by that of converted savages.

**A**MONG the broadsheet periodicals for the houses of the poor we must give a distinguished place to *The Cottager in Town and Country*, Vol. I., 1861. (Religious Tract Society.) All the engravings are good, and speak their story to the reader's eye. Some are most refreshing peeps at the cottages of the country, although they are not equal to the noble engravings of the *British Workman*. The *Cottager* is, however, a perfect gem of its class of publications. There is a page for children, and there is a page for the illiterate and the aged, in large type; and all its contributions are broken up into short, telling, old Humphrey-like pieces. A more acceptable little gift for a poor working cottager's arm-chair and fire-side we know not. Everybody in the house will find an attraction: it has pictures

for Tiny Tim, Stories for Bob and Betsy, Instructive hints for Father and Mother, and two pages specially printed for Poor Old Granny.

WE give a right hearty welcome to our valued old friends, *The Leisure Hour*, and *The Sunday at Home*. (Religious Tract Society.) We have multitudes of periodicals, good and cheap it cannot be denied, but in the multitude we have none to take the place of these. As in *The Cottager*, so here, we must call attention to the engravings; they are admirable illustrations of all things, places, and persons from all parts of the globe. There is a spirit of intellectual freedom in these periodicals we should like to see shared by the other publications of the Society. In *The Leisure Hour* we are glad to see the popular tale. There is no getting a hearing now a-days without the good old Oriental and scriptural method of fiction as a means for the teaching of truth. *The Sunday at Home* abounds in material a little nearer to gravity, but it is a capital means of making the Sabbath afternoon—usually, we fear, after dinner a rather heavy ‘opportunity’—a season of pleasant and sacred instruction. We see these pleasant pages, usually from month to month; but to look at them as we are looking at them, with their overflowing redundancy of striking wood-engravings, is delightful. We wish we were a boy home for the holidays, that we might have our fill of enjoyment; and were we a boy, we would rather have the bound volume of *The Leisure Hour* than twenty volumes called books for boys. We like these volumes, we must confess, for one other, to us very potent reason: they do not smack too strongly of the Religious Tract Society’s most narcotic aroma—Low Church.

SOME will regard, perhaps, as too allegorical for a genuine fairy tale *The Wonderful Adventures of Tuflongbo and his Elfin Company, in their Journey with Little Content through the Enchanted Forest, by Holme Lee, with Eight Illustrations, by W. Sharpe* (Smith & Elder): but it is a real fairy tale, in which in a very human and lively way a multitude of the people of the gardens and the fields are made to charm and interest us like real people. Here we have the wicked ways of that sad creature, Fairy Nettle, and what came of her getting into the house of the mother of that bright, blythe fellow, Little Content. We have gone through the Enchanted Forest of Stone, and the territories of Rufnagumba, and very much we enjoyed what we saw in ‘The Country under the Sun;’ this for instance:—

‘They next floated into an upper chamber very poorly and meanly furnished, where a maiden was sitting at work far into the night. One dull candle was on the table, and the silvery moonlight of heaven came through the broken window, and covered the wall with grotesque shadows, like the shadows of death. It was winterly cold, and there was neither food nor fire to be seen; but as the toiler drew her swift needle in and out, she crooned a song, the words of which Little Content heard



and remembered long. They were to a slow tune, like a chant, and ran thus,—

‘Fainting here, failing here,  
Weeping here, waiting here,  
Toiling night and morn !  
Hungry here, lonely here,  
Wretched here, hated here,  
Yet not quite forlorn !

‘If work is *here*, rest is *there*,  
If pain is here, peace is there,  
And *Hope* is everywhere !  
If grief is *here*, joy is *there*,  
If gloom is here, light is there,  
And *Love* is everywhere !

‘If tears are *here*, smiles are *there*,  
If sighs are here, calm is there,  
And *God* is everywhere !  
If sin is *here*, Christ is *there*,  
If death is here, life is there,  
And *God* is everywhere !

‘As he listened, the poverty-stricken room seemed to Content no longer empty ; every angel of the song was present ; and in the worn, unbeautiful face of the singer there was a loveliness beyond the lustre of youth. That night her hard task was done, and just as the dawn began to struggle with the moonlight, she laid her head down smiling, and crossed her hands above her heart ; and so was wafted away from the slavery and suffering, to enjoy the unseen things which had been dimly shown her upon earth.

“Neither is this a great mystery, Tufsongbo,” said Little Content ; “she had a sight beyond ours, and always in the darkness, she saw the “sunshine behind the clouds.”’

Indeed, we advise the elder children of this our Country under the Sun—those called fathers and mothers—that if they want some happy book, full of pleasant people and pretty pictures to read aloud to the young ones,—a book, the effect of which shall be like shadows on the wall, a plaything with a strong dash of mystery in it, a good deal of wise light about it, let them make the acquaintance of Tufsongbo and Little Content ; that is, if they have any taste for fancies among flowers, and such like things. The book will be heavy as lead, to a reader without fancy.

**D**R. EADIE has already done especial good service to young students, and lay-preachers, and Sabbath school teachers by his most admirable “Biblical Cyclopædia ;” he renders another and similar service by the compilation and publication of *The Ecclesiastical Cyclopædia ; or, Dictionary of Christian Antiquities and Sects : comprising, Architecture, Controversies, Creeds, Customs, Denominations, Doctrines, Government, Heresies, Liturgies, Rites, Monastic Orders, and Modern Judaism. Edited by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D.* (Griffin, Bohn & Co.). There, we have given the title-page in full. The price of the book is under ten shillings ;

and through nearly seven hundred pages of closely printed double columns, the judicious compiler sets before the reader almost all he can want to know, unless he would penetrate into the very marrow of the business, for which he refers to the volume; and in that case it is most likely he will find some reference to more expanded and comprehensive volumes. The work seems to us, also, to be executed, so far as we have referred to it, with singular catholicity. The varied sects of evangelical Christians will find their views stated by their own writers with fairness; and even heresies, and heretics of differing shades, will, we think, admit that justice is done to their opinions. There is no other volume exactly like this; it is a complete *resumé* of Church history and Church sentiment, very popularly conveyed for general readers in the form of an Encyclopædia.

A VERY suitable memorial for the year of his ministerial jubilee is the publication of the volume of *Charges and Sermons on Special Occasions, during a Ministry of Fifty Years. By Andrew Reed, D.D.* Many of these discourses have, in their day, had their measure of fame; and to what a distant period some point back! Here is one preached on the death of the Princess Charlotte in 1817. Separately published, and in each instance published by request, Dr. Reed has been requested again to publish. He complies again, and thus concludes his long ministerial course. We doubt not that his numerous hearers will be glad to receive this monument of his ministry. To our own minds they are an illustration of the change which has passed over the eloquence of the pulpit during the last fifty years. This style has almost passed away. Useful as these discourses have been—and we believe that entitled ‘Eminent Piety essential to Eminent Usefulness’ has been very useful—they partake rather of the character of the oration than the sermon; but they have done their work. We might find many passages very effective in style, and many which must have laid a strong hold upon the conscience.

WE noticed, upon the appearance of the first edition, *The Circle of Christian Doctrine: A Handbook of Faith framed out of a Layman's Experience* (Edinburgh: Edmondston & Douglas); the *Second Edition* bears the author's name—*Lord Kinloch, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Scotland*. We are glad to renew the opportunity of commending this thoughtful book to the reader who may desire an experienced and reverent companion to keep him company while passing through the intricacies, or inquiring into the mysteries of faith. In fact, it is a book fitted for a deeper, and more thoughtfully, and experimentally tried order of ‘Anxious Inquirer.’ The manner of the book is very lulling and soothing, and we may even say satisfying. We will not say that to every sentiment of the admirable author we can subscribe: the conclusions most of our readers will endorse. The method will to many minds seem doubtful; and

yet that method, that pathway of the author's mind to the truth, is the very attribute of the book which gives to it its freshness, and will make it, when read by those who need it, so surely useful. An admirable book for a serious, young, earnest, but doubting, lawyer, who may be saying, 'How can I understand unless some man guide me?' Here is the way in which an eminent man of his own profession regards 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'

**T**HE *Comprehensive History of England; Civil and Military, Religious, Intellectual, and Social. From the earliest period to the Suppression of the Sepoy Revolt. By Charles Macfarlane and the Rev. Thomas Thomson. Illustrated by above One Thousand Engravings. In Four Volumes. London: Blackie & Son, Paternoster-row; and Glasgow and Edinburgh. 1861.*—In the literature of any people, the first place must be given to their national history. Such a history, if it be worthy of the name, must have for its chief object to bring into view the social, intellectual, and moral development of the people; to place in its true light their manly struggle for freedom and independence, rather than the intrigues of courts and cabinets; to show the progress of the peaceful arts, rather than the strides of conquest and the spoils of war; to set forth the workings of a free and spiritual Christianity, rather than the platform of any particular ecclesiastical polity. If history be a mirror in which we see the past; and if it be impossible for us to break the link which connects us with the ages and the men who have gone before; then it is at least worthy of remembrance, that the past has given its impression to the present, to ourselves, our institutions, our government, our literature, our religion, and our morality; so that the new is but a farther and fuller development of the old. Never therefore did Schleirmacher utter a more profound truth than when he said, that 'whatever makes its appearance in any department of history as an individual momentum, is capable of being viewed either as a sudden organization, or as a gradual development and further progress.' All national life and progress has its origin in the individual mind. The advancement of the race is dependent on a few master-minds, and these confined to no rank or condition of life. Nor can we refrain from adding that, but for the principle of supreme selfishness, and the obstructive tendency of all class interests, how different would have been the history of nations! Happily for our age, and happily for the ages yet to come, the spirit of progress, governed and directed by a Power that is omnipotent and irresistible, is conducting the historic life of the world into a new channel altogether, and in which it is destined to flow in ever-deepening force and fulness. So that if history be what Cromwell said, in the years long ago, it was 'God manifesting himself;' then, just as we can view it in this light, and as a whole—as one grand unity—embracing all nations and all events, and running on to one great final consummation, can its study be either intelligible or interesting.

After a careful examination of 'The Comprehensive History of

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England,' which now lies before us, we are free to acknowledge that, to a large extent, it meets our idea, and fulfils our expectation. We have taken some of the more critical periods in our national life and development to test the fidelity of the authors, and, with a very few exceptions, we have found them quite equal to their arduous task. At the same time we are not prepared to say that the unfortunate, unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, has received the justice which she deserves at their hands. Let any one read her Letters and Memoirs by the Prince Alexandre Labanoff, and how different will be the estimate of her character! With all her Popish prejudices and predilections, she was a deeply-injured woman. If her amorous connections and matrimonial alliances be incapable of defence, equally indefensible is the conduct of those who, instead of standing by her in her weakness and her wrongs, first deceived her, and then hunted her to death. We are not the apologists of Mary's life and character; but we claim for her even-handed justice from the pen of every historian. The conduct of Elizabeth toward this unhappy woman can never be forgotten; and it has left a deep, dark blot on her memory which time can never efface. We know of no words in our mother-tongue strong enough to express the duplicity, treachery, and cruelty of the great Virgin Queen towards the lovely daughter of the fifth James. For nearly twenty years, and without the shadow of pretence, she kept Mary a prisoner, and during her imprisonment treated her with every possible indignity. She then brought her to a public trial, and accepted evidence on which the life of a dog might not have been suspended. After sentence of death was passed, she was afraid to carry it into execution, and encouraged a private assassination. To remove all blame from herself, she employed her ministers to lead on the guard and keepers of the royal prisoner to perpetrate the deed; and when these latter instinctively shrank from taking the life of Mary, she upbraided them with weakness and infidelity. She then turned a deaf ear to the intercession of a son on behalf of his mother, denied the condemned queen the offices of a priest, and suffered her to go to the scaffold the victim of her jealousy and revenge. After the execution, she hypocritically affected that Mary had been put to death without her knowledge, and against her inclination; imprisoned and fined her secretary Davidson, under pretence of having exceeded his commission; sent a special ambassador to James, to apologise for this "unhappy accident," and feigned her grief in sighs, and the outward garb of mourning. Never were professions more hollow! Never was woman's conduct more heartless! We have no wish to depreciate the virtues of Elizabeth, as the sovereign and the mother of her country; but her treatment of Mary will remain as a blot on her character and her reign till time shall be no more. Nor can we dispossess ourselves of the thought that, if Mary had not been so conscientiously and inalienably attached to the Romish communion, Scotland would never have suffered her to be so treated by any sovereign on earth. We have no faith in Popery; but still less have we faith in persecu-

tion on the ground of religious belief. It is possible that a man's theological creed may lead him to political wrong-doing, and in punishing the wrong-doing his creed may appear to suffer; but the distinction is eternal between what is civil and what is sacred, and, had this distinction not been overlooked, we think that the lovely and accomplished Queen of the Scots would never have come to so melancholy an end.

In speaking of the suppression of feudalism in England as leading to an increase of the royal authority, as 'the inevitable result of the destruction, or, at least, the suspension of that middle or balancing power by which the despotism of the king and the democracy of the people had been ultimately held in check,' and as involving a conflict which now 'lay between the monarch and his subjects—between the one man who ruled with unchecked and unlimited authority, and the masses who had not yet fully learned their own power, or the mode of using it,' our authors are not slow to admit that the Tudor dynasty well knew how to avail themselves of such an exercise of regal authority. It signally marked the reign of Henry VIII., and not less so that of his high-minded daughter Elizabeth. 'Such was the despotism of her rule and the success of her measures, that both Parliament and people were willing to concede to her the same despotic authority that had been granted to her predecessors.'

But for this concession, she could never have filled the throne for such a length of years. She was surrounded by those who paid her the most abject adulation; looked upon her as the incarnation of all truth and wisdom—the representative of God himself, if not the embodiment of His essential divinity! Hence the persecution and the wrong, the suffering and the martyrdom which characterised her reign. Hers was a character and a policy with which every historian should faithfully deal. The facts on which that character and policy are founded are patent and incontrovertible, and it is by these that we must form our estimate of the Queen. For any such estimate, we look in vain to the volumes before us; and this we deem a defect. History, to be of any value, ought, in every point and particular, to be faithful and true, as just and impartial in dealing with character, as fair and unbiassed in dealing with statement. We mean not to infer that our authors have said a single word to give a false impression of Elizabeth's character on the one side or the other. They have left it just as they found it; and it is of this we complain. While they have left us in no doubt as to the despotism of her rule, they have yet refrained from touching those moral elements of her character which were so conspicuous in her life, and which gave their impression to her court, her subjects, and her age. Her reign was an epoch in English history, and was fraught with immense, incalculable good, to the country; but the picture has another side.

To us, the least satisfactory chapter in these volumes is that on Cromwell and the Commonwealth. The state of affairs in the time of the First Charles demands at the hand of every historian

the most sifting, searching examination. Nor till this process of investigation is faithfully gone through and finished are we in a position to hail the appearance of Cromwell on the great open stage of life. Then we have to take into account the singularity of the circumstances in which he was placed; the part which he had to perform; the men with whom he had to deal; with the impossibility of maintaining his ground and saving his country otherwise than by arrogating to himself a plenitude and prerogative of power, which, in almost any other circumstances and for any other end, would have been dangerous in the extreme in the hand of any one single man. His only alternative was so to act, or to sacrifice the dearest and most sacred interests of his country. The destinies of England were in his hand; and had he either faltered or failed, the consequences would have been incalculable. Yet he has been publicly reprehended and condemned for the part which he performed in the most eventful crisis in our national existence. Men, either unwilling or unable to realise his position, have traced his whole line of action to the lowest, basest, and most selfish motives. In later years, it is true, he has found an able advocate to defend his name and character; and it may be that the authors of these volumes thought enough had been done by Thomas Carlyle to vindicate the man Cromwell in the judgment of the English people, and of all people, not only now, but in all future time; and hence their comparative silence. Now, if anywhere, it is on the page of our national history, that the name of Cromwell should be written in no blurred or blotted characters, in no faint or indistinct terms; but clear and distinct, full, bold, and unmistakeable. He had his weak points and assailable, as have all true men; but henceforth no one dare to write him hypocrite, usurper, murderer. It would be a lie in the face of God's bright sun.

To shew the spirit which animated the men of that age, scarcely had Charles the Second been restored to the throne, and little more than two years had rolled away since the grave had closed on one of the greatest men the world ever saw, when, on December 8th, 1660, the Convention Parliament proceeded to attain Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw; on which proceeding our authors jointly say:—

“This vote had another meaning besides that of the forfeiture of the property of the dead, which was too insignificant to excite the cupidity of the wasteful and needy Charles, or the selfish, mean-souled courtiers. On the 30th of January, of the following year, the anniversary of the death of Charles I, the solemn recesses of Westminster Abbey were invaded by a brutal crew, acting by the authority of the restored king and clergy; the graves were broken open, the coffins of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were put upon hurdles and dragged to Tyburn; there, being pulled out of their coffins, their mouldering bodies were hanged ‘at the several angles of the triple tree’ till sunset, when they were taken down and beheaded. Their bodies—or, as the Court Chronicle calls them, their loathsome carcasses—were thrown into a deep hole under the gallows; their



heads were set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall. With the same decent loyalty, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, acting under his majesty's and their own zeal, afterwards exhumed the bodies of all who had been buried in the Abbey since the beginning of the Civil Wars, and threw them into a deep pit dug in St. Margaret's Churchyard. Among others, the inoffensive remains of Oliver Cromwell's mother and daughter, who had both been models of domestic virtue; of Dorislaus, one of the lawyers employed on the trial of the late king, who had been basely murdered in Holland by the retainers of the present king; of May, the accomplished translator of the 'Pharsalia,' and historian of the Long Parliament, whose mild and comprehensive language we have so frequently quoted; of Pym, that great and learned champion of English liberty; and of Blake, the renowned and honest-hearted, the first of naval heroes—were torn from the sacred asylum of the tomb, and cast like dogs into that foul pit."

In thus referring to these two most pregnant periods in our national history, it is not to find fault with the compilers of this invaluable work. As a whole, they have performed their task with great fidelity and corresponding ability. That no one will join issue with them on some, perhaps many, points, is more than they can fairly expect. Still we can confidently recommend this comprehensive history as a faithful record, well written, beautifully and truthfully illustrated, and worthy of a place in every library, private and public, which is entitled to the name. If no man should be without the history of his country, then we trust that, with the progress of education, and amid the manifold developments of our common humanity, the people will betake themselves to the study of this comprehensive history, that they may learn how the generations which preceded them worked their way, through untold difficulties, to a proud pre-eminence, and so be stimulated to press forward in the race of social, intellectual, and moral improvement, that our country may still preserve its advanced position among the nations for all that is pure in virtue, independent in liberty, and exalted in character.

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## THE EVENT OF THE MONTH.

WE cannot permit this number of the *Eclectic* to go from our hands without bearing the expression of our reverent and respectful and affectionate sympathy with the great cause of the nation's grief. The death of the illustrious Prince Albert—Albert the good, as he has been appropriately called—has called forth a burst of grief more tender and hearty than any this generation has ever expressed or known. Unlike any of those great occasions which, in the memory of man, have draped our country in mourning; unlike the mourning for the Duke, who had reached a wonderful old age—whose work was done—who had fought all his battles, and for years had rested on his laurels; and unlike the grief for the Princess Charlotte, in which the nation expressed its tender sympathy with what it hoped she would become: in Prince Albert we deplore the loss of an illustrious and accomplished gentleman—from the unanimous testimony borne to him and his worth, worthy to be regarded as the first gentleman in England—a man of large sympathies, able to meet many minds, and to converse with many and varied occupations of genius, culture, and intelligence. England never deplored such a Prince before. He stands altogether apart from his predecessors, and represents indeed well the Court of a cultivated and highly intellectual age. He is better known now than he ever was during his life: so it will always be with those who, like him, are truly great. About them while living there is an obscurity which death dissolves. The icy wand of the king of terrors dissolves their court, folds up their etiquette, and they become not the secluded, veiled figures of a hidden palace, but the beloved of the people. To such a fame we believe Prince Albert has descended, and is descending; or, shall we say to such a fame he is elevated?—for both terms are true. He has left his station near the throne to be exalted to a loftier pedestal. Innumerable anecdotes are now finding their way into print: some of them, possibly, mythical at best; but all illustrating the man. He was so happy as to live in an age especially fitted to appreciate a character like his, and to understand the difficulties and the duties of the place and sphere he filled so admirably; and our age, too, understands, perhaps better than any which has gone before it, what those difficulties and duties are. It does not suppose that royalty is exempt from them. It is easily understood that there is no other man living who can possibly be to the Queen the counsellor, and to the nation the intellectual chief this great man was. Himself

endowed with many accomplishments, with a mind prompt to intermeddle with every kind of learning and knowledge, master of many languages, a musician, able not only to play but to compose, a poet, an enthusiast in painting—and himself above mediocrity as an etcher, a model farmer, a builder of model lodging-houses—interested in every problem relating to the education of the people, and displaying frequently acquaintance with even the more hidden paths of science; such a man of course adorned and ennobled the country and the Court. When he appeared in the circle of great men, with which princes can always surround themselves, his urbanity and dignity, combined with his acquirements and accomplishments, gave to him not only the right to command, but guaranteed to him, by his genius, the place won for him by his rank. We have lost him. Seldom has the Church been able to say of a prince, with so much confidence, The heavens have gained him. The mind of the Prince was well shown in those verses, understood to be especial favourites of his, and which, with such propriety, were chanted over his grave:—

‘I shall not in the grave remain,  
 Since Thou death’s bonds hast sever’d;  
 But hope with Thee to rise again,  
 From fear of death deliver’d.  
 I’ll come to Thee, where’er Thou art,  
 Live with Thee, from Thee never part;  
 Therefore to die is rapture.  
 ‘And so to Jesus Christ I’ll go,  
 My longing arms extending;  
 So fall asleep in slumber deep,  
 Slumber that knows no ending.  
 Till Jesus Christ, God’s only Son,  
 Opens the gates of bliss—leads on  
 To Heaven, to life eternal!’

Perhaps never before was a Sovereign so sustained in affliction by the prayers, the tears, and the sympathy of a whole people, as our beloved Queen. Into almost every house the sense of her loss has entered as a personal affliction and woe. The nation has noticed, with loving enthusiasm, the strength and tenderness of the Royal Family in its hour of solemn and overwhelming grief. Both the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice have shown characters giving the promise of future power and usefulness—exhibiting an education for circumstances which show more than anything else can show the parents’ power. We do not doubt that advancing years will deepen their gratitude and ours to the illustrious Prince who now sleeps his last sleep in the royal vaults of Windsor,